A

# New Collection

OF

# FAIRY TALES.

*None of which were ever before printed.*

CONTAINING

Many USEFUL LESSONS,
MORAL SENTIMENTS,
SURPRIZING INCIDENTS, and
AMUSING ADVENTURES.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# New Collection

OF

# FAIRY TALES.

## TALE VII.

*The Story of* Nonchalante *and* Papillon.

THERE was once upon a Time a King and a Queen who lived together in the greateſt Harmony, which was the Conſequence of the moſt lively, and moſt extravagant Paſſion that ever was heard of. The Queen, who was called *Santoree*, from the Graces of her Perſon and Mind, and in particular, from the Tenderneſs of her Heart, merited all the Regard of *Griſdelin* her Huſband. This was a moſt amiable Prince, as he had preſerved on a Throne all the Virtues of a private Perſon: So that we muſt conclude, a Fairy preſided at his Birth. In effect, this Fairy, without the leaſt Interruption from any of her Com-

panions, after having invoked all the Anceſtors of *Griſdelin*, had taken from each of them a Virtue, as well as an Accompliſhment, in order to form the Character of a Prince whom ſhe had a mind to oblige; but unluckily ſhe made the Doſe of Tenderneſs a little too ſtrong: The Foundation generally of the Unhappineſs of good People. Never was Prince happier than *Griſdelin*. He had the greateſt Regard for a worthy Object, who made all imaginable Return to his Tenderneſs, and he was Maſter of a very great Kingdom; but ſo many Favours of Fortune could not be of any long Duration. The beautiful *Santoree* in bringing into the World a charming Daughter, who was called *Nonchalante*, fell extremely ill. The King from his great Partiality to the Mother, would not have this Pledge of their Union endowed, concluding from a little Reſemblance which ſhe had to *Santoree*, that ſhe was preferable to all the Princeſſes of the Earth. But the Fairies thought otherwiſe; it ſeemed to them that this Procedure was depriving them of their Rights, and to puniſh the King, they encreaſed the Diſorder of the Queen. They acquainted the unfortunate *Griſdelin* with the melancholy Conſequences of this Malady, and the Queen died. It is certain, that had it not been for the little *Nonchalante*, nothing could

could have determined the King to ſurvive a Spouſe ſo tenderly beloved. He conſented to live for that Reaſon alone; but he was oppreſs'd with ſuch a deep Melancholy, that he became incapable of any Buſineſs. The Fairy *Lolotte*, notwithſtanding what had paſſed, undertook the Education of the little Princeſs, and alſo that of Prince *Papillon*, Nephew to *Griſdelin*, who, being an Orphan, had been from his Cradle in his Uncle's Court. Altho' nothing was neglected in the Education of thoſe two Children, they both of them were Proofs, that all imaginable Cares may ſoften, but not abſolutely deſtroy the Faults of Nature. *Nonchalante*, beautiful as ſhe was, perfectly well made, with an Underſtanding capable of every Thing, had for all Events a Fund of Indifference difficult to be expreſſed. *Papillon* on the contrary, charming as to his Figure, was carried away by his Vivacity; he ſeized on the ſmalleſt Trifles with a ſurprizing Rapidity, and abandoned them again with the ſame promptitude. As ſoon as this young Couple came to an Age when People begin to intereſt themſelves concerning them, and to form Projects ſuitable to their Characters, People were divided in their Sentiments; thoſe who were quiet and peaceable ſaw in *Nonchalante* all the Virtues they could de-

ſire in a Queen; And the active Partiſans for the Glory of the Kingdom, hoped every Thing from a Prince ſuch as *Papillon*. Thoſe different Opinions ſeemed to threaten a civil War, and a Diviſion in the State: And it was the more to be apprehended, as all was not quiet within the Palace. Theſe two amiable Children, tho' they rendered one another Juſtice as to their Accompliſhments, had nevertheleſs a Diſlike to one another, cauſed by the Oppoſition in their Characters: This ſeemed an invincible Obſtacle to the Marriage which every one deſired, and which alone could put an end to the general Diſcontent. *Papillon*, who had much Senſe, perceived, tho' very young, the Advantage he might take of a Party which declared warmly in his Favour; but whether he was determined by a Sentiment of Honour not to offend his beautiful Couſin, or whether it was to ſatisfy his Vivacity and natural Levity, he formed a Deſign to ſeek Adventures, and to travel *incognito*. No ſooner had this Idea preſented itſelf to his Mind, but he put it in Execution: Happily for him it came into his Head on Horſeback, for if he had been on Foot, he would not have ſtaid perhaps to demand a Horſe from his Squire: He departed then without forming any other Project than that

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of departing; he thought of nothing but getting out of the Kingdom as faſt as he could. This Incident put the whole Kingdom in Diſorder, and they regretted a Prince in whom they had ſo much Hope, and whoſe Deſtiny they were ignorant of. Inſenſible as *Griſdelin* was to every thing, he was touched with this Loſs; and altho' he could not look on the Princeſs his Daughter without burſting out into Tears, he had a mind to form a Judgment himſelf of her Talents and Capacity: Beſides the Indolence of Mind with which ſhe was born, ſhe had about her a Fairy, who ſpoil'd her as much as if ſhe had been her Grandmother. This Fairy had conceived for *Nonchalante* from her Infancy, an ill-underſtood Friendſhip, often more dangerous than Hatred. *Griſdelin* took notice of it, and could not help reproaching the good *Lolotte.* She allowed ſhe had been to blame, and promiſed to humour no longer the Indifference of the Princeſs. She kept her Word, and from that Inſtant poor *Nonchalante* had much to ſuffer: They obliged her to take ſome Care of her Dreſs, and to be particular in her Choice of Stuffs, and in the Variety of her Pleaſures; for rather than give herſelf any Trouble, ſhe had worn her old Cloaths, and remained

in Diſhabile a long Time, without ever ſhewing herſelf in publick. They did not ſtop there; *Griſdelin* ordered that ſhe ſhould be informed of the publick Tranſactions, made her ſit in the Council, and give her Opinion, in order to make herſelf acquainted with Affairs of State: So that her Palace, and her Father's Dominions became ſo diſagreeable, that ſhe conjured *Lolotte* to take her out of a Country where every thing was become inſupportable. The Fairy at firſt refuſed, but what cannot the Tears of a pretty Girl that one loves, bring one to? *Lolotte* granted her Requeſt, and without making her quit a Couch, which ſhe preferred to all the other Furniture of her Apartment, ſhe took her up and conducted her to her Grotto. This ſecond Accident left the Subjects in Deſpair, and *Griſdelin* was as much concerned as he could be. But let us return to *Papillon*, and ſee what his Vivacity had to engage with.

Altho' the Kingdom of *Nonchalante* was of a great Extent, the Horſe of this young Prince held out long enough to carry him thro' it, and that was all he could do, for he had ſcarce paſſed the Frontiers when he gave up. *Papillon* was then obliged to travel on foot, tho' it did not ſuit at all with his

his Vivacity. He was at that Time in a Foreſt, the Antiquity of which inſpired a ſecret Horror; he followed a Path, that ſeemed to be pretty much frequented: in ſpight of his Haſte he was benighted; but a ſmall Light which he perceived at a Diſtance, ſuſpended his Fatigue; he endeavoured to approach it, but the more he advanced the further it ſeemed: Beſides, the Inequality of the Earth and the Thickneſs of the Wood, often intercepted it from his Eyes. What a Situation for a Prince extremely quick, who had been always in a Court, and conſequently had been always prevented in his leaſt Deſires! You may imagine he was at this Time out of all Patience. At length, quite ſpent with Hunger and Fatigue, he arrived near the Light to which he had ſo long directed his Steps; it led him to an indifferent Cottage; he knocked haſtily, an old Woman anſwered him; but as ſhe did not come immediately, he knocked again, calling to her with a Tone of Authority (for it is very hard to break one's ſelf of that Habit): The old Woman however did not move a bit faſter; ſhe anſwered to every Thing he ſaid without, with much mildneſs, *Patience*. She ſeemed determined to open to him, but it was a long time before ſhe would afford him that Pleaſure; he heard that ſhe was

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driving away the Cat, leſt ſhe ſhould get out while ſhe opened the Door: He underſtood diſtinctly by the Converſation ſhe had with herſelf, that ſhe went back to ſnuff the Lamp, the better to diſtinguiſh the Perſon that knocked, and then perceiving that there was not Oil enough, ſhe took up ſome Time in recruiting it. In ſhort, ſhe made a thouſand ſuch Delays, anſwering ſtill, *Patience*; ſometimes ſhe would add *Ah! my God, Patience*, and it was a conſiderable Time before ſhe thought proper to open the Door. The Prince found nothing in this Cabbin, but the Image of Poverty, and not the leaſt Appearance of any Thing to eat. This threw him into Deſpair; he complained to the old Woman of his extream Fatigue, and of the Exceſs of his Appetite, but ſhe made no other Anſwer, but that melancholy word *Patience*: However, after ſome Conſideration, ſhe ſaid to him in a mild Accent, *You ſhall have a Bundle of Straw to lie upon; there it is*, continued ſhe, *behind the Door* (which ſhe had taken great Care to ſhut.) *And what to eat*, anſwered *Papillon* bluntly? *Stay*, replied ſhe, *Patience, I will go and gather ſome Peas in the Garden: we will ſhell them peaceably, then we will light a Fire, and when we have boiled them well, we will eat them without hurrying ourſelves. And by that time I*

*ſhall*

*ſhall be dead*, added the Prince. *I never go any faſter for my part*, replied the old Woman, not without adding according to Cuſtom, *Have Patience*, which was at this time followed by a good Proverb, *viz. Thoſe who can wait, will gain their Ends at laſt.* This was a terrible Treatment for *Papillon:* But what was to be done? he muſt ſubmit; *Come*, ſaid the old Woman, *let us go and gather the Peas, take the Lamp and light me.* The Prince obeyed, but his Eagerneſs and Hurry often put it out; and he was forced as often to light it at two little Coals almoſt extinct, and covered with a ſmall Heap of Cinders, at one Corner of the Fire-place. At length, after a great deal of Trouble, the Peas were gathered; and returning to the Houſe they began to ſhell them, and when the Fire was made up, which alſo took up a conſiderable Time, they were to be counted, for the old Woman was abſolutely determined to boil no more than juſt fifty four: The Prince repreſented to her how ſmall a Quantity that was, and of how little Importance a Pea more or leſs would be, but all in vain; he was forced to ſubmit to this alſo. The Impatience of the Prince threw down the Peas many times, conſequently they were not only to be carefully gathered up, but they were alſo forced, for fear of a Miſtake, to

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be reckoned over again; at laſt they were put on the Fire, and when they were almoſt done, the good Woman taking a pair of Scales, began to weigh, and to divide a ſmall Piece of Bread; but *Papillon* did not give her time to do it, for eagerly ſnatching it, he made but one mouthful of it, ſaying to her in his turn *Patience.* "You think you "jeſt, (ſaid ſhe, ſtill with the ſame Mode-"ration,) but there is no Joke in it at all; "for that is really my Name, and you will "ſoon be better acquainted with me." They ſupp'd together, and the twenty ſeven Peas which came to his Share, and which ſhe took great Care to count, together with a few Glaſſes of good clear Water, refreſhed him to a Miracle, and he ſlept moſt comfortably all Night upon the Straw. The next Morning ſhe gave him for Breakfaſt ſome brown Bread and ſome Milk, which he eat heartily of, rejoiced that he had nothing either to gather or to count; he then begg'd ſhe would let him know who ſhe was. *With all my Heart*, anſwered ſhe, *but it will take up a good deal of Time. O! well*, replied the Prince, *if it is ſo, I very readily will excuſe you. Ay but*, continued the old Woman, *People of your Age ought to hearken to us old Folks, and you ſhou'd accuſtom yourſelf to Patience. But*, ſaid he, *old People ſhould not be tireſome; only be pleaſed to tell me,*

*me*, continued he, *what Country this is.* *Willingly*, anſwered the old Woman. *You are in the Foreſt where the* Black-bird *delivers his Oracles.* *An Oracle!* ſaid the Prince, *I will go directly and conſult it.* He offered ſome Money to the old Woman, but ſhe refuſing it, he threw it on the Table and departed like Lightning, without ever aſking the Way to the Place to which he was going. He took the firſt Path that he found, and running as faſt as he could, he haſtened from a Houſe which, bad as it was, ſeemed leſs diſagreeable than the Inhabitant within: he travelled ſome time at a Venture; at laſt he perceived at a Diſtance a large Building, which overlooked the Foreſt, of the Colour of Black: this Object, as gloomy, as ſingular, he gueſſed to be the Temple where the Oracle was delivered. He travelled ſtill a great Way, and not long before Sun-ſet, he arrived at the Precincts of the *Black Palace*; it was ſurrounded by ſeveral Buildings and Ditches, the Waters of which, and the Stones, were of the ſame Colour as the Temple. When he came to the firſt Gate, he eaſily read an Inſcription, wrote in great Letters, containing theſe Words, *Mortal, curious to know your Deſtiny, ſound the black Bell, and be ſubject to my Laws.*

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The Prince, in order to execute this, took up a great Stone, and throwing it againſt the Bell, it made a moſt terrible and hollow Sound; immediately the Gate opened, and ſhut again with prodigious Rapidity the Moment he was entered: At the ſame Inſtant, many thouſand Bats departing from neighbouring Buildings darkened the Air, and their hideous Cries added to the Horror of the Place. Any other but *Papillon* would have been afraid; but he paſſed on with great Reſolution to the ſecond Gate, which ſixty Negroes covered with large black Veils, came to open to him; he attempted to ſpeak to them, but found they were perfect Strangers to his Language. This Torment, which he had never felt before, of having the greateſt Quickneſs of Thought without the Power of expreſſing himſelf, brought to his Mind his good Friend Madam *Patience*; he was obliged to ſubmit to theſe ſixty Negroes, who diſarmed him: after that troubleſome Ceremony, he was very civilly conducted by theſe black Miniſters into a magnificent Apartment, where Ebony, Jet, and other Colours of that kind, ſeemed to vie with each other. Reduced to the Neceſſity of ſpeaking by Signs, he gave them to underſtand that he wanted ſomething to eat, and they alſo by Signs informed him, that in a few Hours he would be ſatisfied.

ſatisfied. In Effect, they led him (always with great Reſpect and Deliberation) into a kind of Eating Hall. Placing himſelf along with the Negroes at the Table, he ſaw ſeveral Diſhes ranged before him of different Colours, but all tending to black; he would have taken one to ſatisfy his Hunger, but he found they were all faſt to the Table, and he remarked that his new, but gloomy Companions, made uſe of a ſmall Reed, through which in the gentleſt Manner, every one ſucked his Portion. He therefore was obliged to make uſe of the Reed which lay before him, and to eat in a Manner ſo little conformable to his Vivacity. After Supper they paſſed into another Hall, where the Negroes by two and two ſat down to play at Cheſs, which he was obliged alſo to be a Witneſs to. When they had finiſhed the laſt Game, which was infinitely long, they conducted him ſtill with the ſame Slowneſs and Reſpect into his Apartment. The Hopes of conſulting the Oracle, and of getting out of that melancholy Place, awakening him very early in the Morning, he expreſſed his Deſire to go to the Temple; but without anſwering him, they conducted him to the Baths, giving him to underſtand that he muſt firſt purify himſelf. He undreſſed himſelf eagerly, and was going to pre-

precipitate himſelf into the Water, but the Negroes would not permit him to go deeper than one Inch; and it was with great Pain and Chagrin that he learnt that his bathing was to encreaſe every Day in the ſame Degree. When he was convinced of this Neceſſity, he abſolutely loſt all Patience; he conjured, he preſſed them, by Signs, and even ſpoke, though he knew they could not underſtand a Word he ſaid; but all in vain, he was obliged to ſubmit, and ſixty Days were elapſed before his bathing was compleated: All that Time eating wtih a Reed, always ſilent, ſtill conducted and complimented ſlowly, and a Spectator at the Game of Cheſs, the Game in the World he had the greateſt Antipathy to. At length, to his great Joy, he got the Water up to his Chin, and next Day the Negroes in their black Veils, having each of them a Bat on his Head, marched ſlowly, chanting through their Noſes a moſt melancholy Canticle, and at laſt brought our Prince to the Gate which led to the Temple. At the Noiſe they made, another Troop of Negroes, who marched ſtill ſlower than the others, came to receive *Papillon*; there was no Difference between the firſt Troop and this, but that the latter had each upon their Wriſt a Raven, whoſe croaking was inſupportable; they then took

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the Prince under the Arm, not ſo much to do him Honour as to keep him within Bounds. After a long March, they came to the Steps of the Temple; the Prince then thought that he had finiſhed his Labours, but it took them up two Hours longer to give him the black Veil, after which he came to the Temple, where he was detained while they repeated ſeveral Prayers. The Impatience of the Prince had been long ago converted into continual Groanings, really quite ſcandalous, but nothing was capable of interrupting the Regularity of the Ceremony, and although he was the principal Object, they took no manner of Notice of the Uneaſineſs he expreſſed with ſo little Moderation. The inſide of the Temple as well as the outſide, was covered with black Marble; a large Curtain, black alſo, divided it in two Parts. After ſome Fumigations, the Curtain was drawn back, and the BLACK BIRD was diſcovered in all his Majeſty. He was a kind of Eagle, but larger than a Roc; he was perched upon a Bar of Iron that went acroſs the Temple. At his Aſpect all the Negroes proſtrated themſelves, not being able to bear his Looks: When he had three Times clapped his Wings, he pronounced diſtinctly thoſe Words in the Language of *Papillon*. *Prince, you cannot be happy, but*

*by*

*by that which oppoſes you.* As ſoon as theſe Words were pronounced the Curtain was drawn again, and all the Negroes, both without and within the Temple, came reſpectfully to ſalute him on each Side. After this tedious Ceremony, they placed a Raven upon his Wriſt, and conducted him ſlowly to the next Gate; there he returned his Raven, and was received by the firſt Party of Negroes, a Bat of its own accord perching upon his Head: in this Manner he proceeded to his firſt Stage, where he bathed as many Times by the Inch backwards as he had done before. Then he was embraced by the Negroes, who very civilly conducted him to the Gate of the Black-bell, and returned him his Arms with all poſſible Demonſtrations of Friendſhip. He made no Anſwer to their Politeneſs, but as ſoon as the Gate was opened ran away as faſt as he could, without any other Deſign than that of eſcaping from a Place where he did not conceive it poſſible for him to live; he a thouſand Times repented of that Curioſity which led him to conſult ſo melancholy an Oracle, from which he learnt nothing at all: And I made ſome Reflections (very ſhort indeed) on the Uſeleſsneſs and Inconveniency of Curioſity.

After many Days Fatigue he got out of the

the Foreſt, and found himſelf by the Side of a great River, the Courſe of which he purſued, in Hopes of finding a Method to croſs it; he was in this Perplexity, when one Day, juſt at Sun-riſing, he perceived an Object of a moſt ſurpriſing Whiteneſs, which, upon a nearer Approach, he found was a Ship, the whiteſt and prettieſt in the World. She was at Anchor in the River, and her Boat was on Shore; the Prince could not reſiſt his Inclination to make uſe of it, and viſit the Ship. He haled her, but no Body anſwering, he jump'd into the Boat, and conveyed himſelf on board with great Eaſe, for it was very light, as it was made, as well as the Ship, of white Paper. He entered without any Obſtacle, and found not any living Soul on board; but ſeeing not only a good Bed but all manner of Neceſſaries, he reſolved to make uſe of them. As he had been well brought up at the Court of *Griſdelin*, he knew a little of every thing, and Neceſſity joined to what Knowledge he had, taught him the Management of the Veſſel. The Ship, the River, the Fields, every Place which preſented itſelf to his Eyes ſeemed to him inhabited, and the Lightneſs of his Veſſel, anſwering to his Vivacity, made ſome Amends for ſo ſolitary a Situation. At length, after ſome Days Sail, the Current of the

the River continually drawing him towards its Mouth, he found himſelf all on a ſudden in the open Sea. This Immenſity of Water which he had never ſeen before, intrepid as he was, much aſtoniſhing him, he would fain again have entered the River, but the Current was too ſtrong, and the Wind ſpringing up a Stern ſoon made him loſe Sight of Land: He then remembered the Injunctions he had received in his Infancy not to play with the Water, but it was now too late; he ſaw all the Horror of his Situation, and could not conceive how he could extricate himſelf out of a Danger to which his Want of Reflection had expoſed him: All that he could do was to fret and vex himſelf, two things of which he acquitted himſelf marvellouſly well. To compleat all, it fell ſtark calm, and it is hard to comprehend how he could ſupport a Condition which the moſt patient can ſcarce endure; he then even regretted the Temple of the *Black Bird*, for there he at leaſt ſaw, and made Signs to human Creatures, and the Hopes of getting out, in ſome meaſure kept up his Spirits; on the contrary, in his Ship of white Paper he had no Manner of Society, and could not foreſee how it was poſſible for him to be delivered from ſo melancholy a Priſon. It was a long Time before

fore he made any Land; when he did, his Eagerneſs to diſembark was ſo great, that he threw himſelf into the Sea, reſolving to ſwim aſhore, but his Project failed; for every Time he precipitated himſelf, he found on his riſing, the Veſſel ſtill under his Feet. He was then obliged in Spight of himſelf, to ſubmit to the Winds, to ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber, and to dry his Clothes at a Fire made with Spirits of Wine, which ſerved him to dreſs his Victuals by, of which he found great Abundance. His Impatience at this Time was not of long Duration, for the Veſſel of its own accord arrived at a Port formed by Nature, and lined with very large Trees. This enlivened the Spirits of the Prince. As ſoon as he was near enough he jumped on Shore, and contrary to his Expectation, found himſelf delivered from the Perſecution of the Veſſel. He walked on to get out of Sight of it, and preſently, croſſing a moſt beautiful Foreſt, he ſtopped by a Fountain, delicious for the Purity of its Waters, and the Beauty of the Cedars with which it was ſhaded. He had ſcarce arrived there, when a little Goat, almoſt out of Breath, came and threw herſelf at his Feet, pronouncing

ing theſe Words: *Ah!* Papillon, *help me.* The Prince, much aſtoniſhed and touched with the Beauty and Delicacy of this little Animal, took up his Arms and preſented himſelf to a green Lion, who purſued the Goat with great Ardour: The intrepid *Papillon* attacked him: The Combat was obſtinate, but at length *Papillon* was Conqueror. The Lion, as he fell, whiſtled ſo loud that the Foreſt reſounded for two Leagues round, after which he expired, having in Appearance nothing more to do in this World. *Papillon*, not minding either him or his Whiſtle, turned towards the beautiful Goat, and ſaid to her; *Well, are you ſatisfied now? Since you can ſpeak, tell me quickly, the Meaning of all this, and how you came to know me. I muſt reſt myſelf ſome Time*, replied ſhe: *beſides, you have not Leiſure to hearken to me, for this Affair is not finiſhed; you are in too great a Hurry; look*, (continued ſhe, with great Coolneſs) *look behind you. Papillon* turning about nimbly, ſaw a Giant coming directly towards him. *Who is he*, cried the Giant in a formidable Voice, *that has made my Lion whiſtle? 'Tis I*, anſwered the Prince fiercely, *but look at him, take my Word he will never whiſtle more. Ah!*

*my*

*my poor* Biby, replied the Giant, *what a Misfortune! My dear little Friend! But I will revenge your Death.* At theſe Words he levelled at *Papillon* a great Serpent that he had in his Hand, which was his only Arms. The Prince boldly ſtriking at the Serpent, in a Moment it became a Giant, and the Giant turned to a Serpent: The Blows of *Papillon* made ſuch a Metamorphoſis ſix times, but at laſt the Prince, with a Stroke of his Sabre cutting the Serpent in two, took up a Piece and threw it in the Face of the Giant, who immediately fell to the Ground without Life at the Feet of the Lion; in the ſame Moment a thick Cloud involved them, and took them out of Sight with extreme Rapidity. *Papillon*, without putting up his Sword, addreſſing himſelf to the Goat, ſaid, *You have now recovered your Spirits, you have nothing to fear; explain to me therefore what you are, and what was this Lion, that villainous Giant, and his Comrade the Serpent. But whatever you do, make haſte. You ſhall be ſatisfied*, anſwered ſhe, *but there is no Hurry: I would willingly carry you to the* Green Caſtle, *and I ſhould not chuſe to walk there, it is very fatiguing, and the Caſtle is a great Way off. Let us*

*ſet*

*ſet out directly then*, replied the Prince, with Impatience, *or I ſhall leave you and your Hiſtory here together; is it not a Shame, that ſuch a young pretty Goat as you can't walk? Come, come, let us depart at once, for the farther the Caſtle is off the more Haſte we ſhould make; but come*, continued he, *we will go ſoftly, that's all I will agree to, and ſo we'll chat by the Way. We will do better*, replied ſhe; *you ſhall carry me on your Shoulders; but as I don't love to give People too much Trouble (and you leſs than any Body) you ſhall carry me, it's true, but you ſhall mount upon this* Snail. In Effect, ſhe ſhewed him one (ſtretching out the prettieſt Paw in the World) which he had taken for a great Stone, it was of ſuch an enormous Size. *I! get upon a Snail!* replied Papillon, *you joke ſure, why we ſhould not get there this Twelvemonth. Well*, anſwered the Goat, *don't do it then, we will ſtay here; for my part, I am very well ſatisfied, the Fountain is clear, and the Graſs is good; but, believe me, you had better take my Advice and mount.* Quite oppoſite as this was to the Character of *Papillon*, it ſeemed to him ſo ridiculous that he obeyed, and having taken the pretty Goat on his Shoulders, the

the Snail, at his Orders, and by the Kicks he gave it without ceaſing to ſpur it on, glided along a tolerable Pace. The Goat told him, ſhe thought it the eaſieſt Carriage ſhe had ever met with, and he was perſuaded it was the ſloweſt. At laſt, after a very long Journey, they came to the *Green Caſtle*; where all the Inhabitants were drawn together by the Singularity of their Equipage. The Goat being ſet down, aſſumed a moſt amiable Form, and *Papillon* immediately knew his beautiful Couſin. The Joy and Gratitude of the Princeſs was mildly and gently expreſſed; that of the Prince, on the contrary, was all Fire and Vivacity; all the Women with whom *Nonchalante* had for ſome Time lived, learnt by ſome Words which ſhe had dropp'd the Defeat of the Giant, and the prodigious Valour of her Couſin. *Nonchalante* walked gently into a great Apartment of the Caſtle, to take ſome Repoſe, and *Papillon* followed her to obtain the Recital which he had already demanded, and which the Sight of his Couſin had made him the more impatient to hear: but before he could ſatisfy his Curioſity, he was obliged to receive the Compliments of the Inhabitants of the *Green*

*Kingdom*, who came to acknowledge him for their Sovereign, on the Death of the Giant. He cut them ſhort in their Harangues (which on theſe Occaſions are commonly very tedious) they were diſmiſſed as ſoon as Decency would permit, and he obtained at laſt from *Nonchalante* the Recital of her Adventures, which ſhe began in this Manner.

After your Departure, tired with the Fatigues of Government, in which they were reſolved I ſhould be inſtructed, I conjured the good *Lolotte*, whom you are acquainted with, to take me home with her, to which, with much Perſuaſion, ſhe at laſt conſented. She took me up on my Couch, and I paſſed ſome pleaſant Days in her Grotto, where every Thing was quiet and convenient: She was obliged to attend the Aſſembly of the Fairies, but on her Return ſhe told me, burſting out into Tears, that her Kindneſs and Complaiſance to me had coſt her dear; that ſhe had been heartily ſcolded on that Account, and that the Council had ordered her to put me into the Hands of *Mirlifiche* already charged with the Care of your Perſon, and whoſe Conduct had been mighty

good

good in regard to you. *Oh yes, mighty good indeed!* interrupted Papillon, *if it is ſhe who has cauſed me all the Troubles I have met with: You ſhall judge of that preſently: Go on, go on, my good Couſin, I know what I have ſuffered, but I am ignorant of what happened to you.* I was very much afflicted, replied *Nonchalante*, to ſee the Tears of *Lolotte*, but I comforted myſelf at length, in the Idea of the Aſſiſtance, to be drawn from Patience and Tranquillity; I ſoon ſaw the Fairy *Mirliſiche* arrive, mounted on her great Unicorn; ſhe ſtopped at the Grotto which we inhabited, and demanded me of the good *Lolotte*, whoſe Grief encreaſed every Inſtant; but not daring to refuſe, ſhe took me in her Arms, gave me ſeveral Kiſſes, and placed me herſelf behind the Fairy. Hold faſt, my little Girl, ſaid *Mirliſiche* to me, if you have not a Mind to break your Neck; indeed I had Occaſion for all my Force to keep from falling, for the villainous Beaſt went ſuch a heavy Trot, that I was often out of Breath. We trotted however a very long Time, until we arrived at a Farm-houſe; the Farmer and his Wife ran to meet the Fairy, as far as they could ſee her, and helped her to alight

from her Unicorn; I found out ſince that they had been a King and a Queen, and were reduced to that Condition by the Fairies, as a Puniſhment for their Ignorance and Idleneſs. When *Mirliſiche* was alighted, and they had placed me on the Ground, almoſt dead with Fatigue, ſhe inſiſted on my taking all proper Care of her Unicorn: In order to which, ſhe ordered me to go up to the Hay-loft, the Way to which was by a Ladder, and to bring to her, one after another, fourſcore handfuls of Hay for the Night's Provender for her Beaſt. I never ſuffered ſo much Fatigue, I ſhudder ſtill when I think of it: however, I obeyed: I brought to her the fourſcore handfuls of Hay, and I carried them back again in the ſame Manner to the Stable. This was not all, they made me dreſs Supper; and when that was done, I thought I might indulge peaceably in a little Bed which the Fairy had cauſed to be placed near hers: but not at all, I was not only obliged to prepare it (for it was not made) but alſo that which was laid for *Mirliſiche:* I would a hundred Times rather have ſlept on a Chair, than in a Bed which would coſt me ſo much Trouble; but I was forced to obey, to draw the

Fairy's

Fairy's Curtains, and to do her a hundred Services, which I thought there would never be an End to, and to which I had never been accuſtomed: At laſt, not being able to hold out any longer, and not knowing how to undreſs myſelf, I threw myſelf on the Bed juſt as I was. The Fairy perceiving this, awakened me out of my firſt ſleep to make me take off my Cloaths; but in ſpite of her Menaces, I contrived without her perceiving it to keep on ſome, and I honeſtly confeſs to you, that I have always found a ſecret Charm in Diſobedience. It is very true, one is often ſcolded, but one is ſure of ſaving one's ſelf ſome Trouble. At Break of Day, *Mirlifiche* awakened me, and made me get up to go and ſee how her Unicorn fared, and to give her an Account how much Hay was left; ſhe often repeated her Orders, and made me take many Journeys, one Time to ſee what Weather it was, another Time to ſee what o' Clock it was, in all which I acquitted myſelf ſo ill, and executed every Thing ſo deliberately, that before ſhe departed, ſhe called the King and Queen who had received her with ſo much Reſpect: *Princes*, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe mounted her Unicorn, *continue to improve your Farm, if*

*you have a Mind to regain your Throne; I am pretty well ſatisfied with you this Year; but I leave you this little Princeſs*, ſhewing me to them, *make her work heartily, and let me ſee her much reformed, otherwiſe* —— She ſaid no more: ſpurred on her Beaſt, and in an Inſtant diſappeared: The King and the Queen then turning to me, aſked me, what I could do? *Nothing at all*, anſwered I, with an Air which intimated as much: However, they entered into a Detail of ſeveral Occupations, to find out which was moſt to my Taſte: But I aſſured them, that I had no other Taſte but that of *doing nothing in the World*, and finiſhed by conjuring them to let me go to ſleep. They not only had the Goodneſs to conſent, but alſo brought me ſomething to eat in my Bed, which I did not leave all Day long; the next Morning the good Queen came to me, and ſaid with an Air of Concern: " My good Child, you muſt " reſolve to get up; I know very well " it is a charming Thing to have no- " thing to do, ſuch as you ſee me, I " know it by my own Experience: for " in ſhort, when I was a Queen we did " nothing, my Huſband and I, nothing

" in

" in the World; and I hope one Day " or other we ſhall be able to do as " much; but it's not ſo now with you or " us; you heard what the Fairy ſaid, " you will make her angry with us, and " you will expoſe us to worſe Treat- " ment, if we ſhould not make you " work: So, get up, my Girl, for my " Huſband will have it ſo; we have talk- " ed of nothing but you all Yeſterday, " and laſt Night; come, let us go to " Breakfaſt, I have go ſome good " Cream for you." With ſome Unwil-lingneſs, I followed her Advice, and all went well 'till Breakfaſt. When that was over, they again began to talk of giving me ſomething to do; but I beg-ged them not to think of giving me any Trouble: At laſt the Queen winding a-bout four Pounds of Hemp upon a large Diſtaff, and joining with it a Spindle, ſent me to tend the Sheep, aſſuring me, that Work was ſo much the more agree-able as I might repoſe myſelf as much as I would: Notwithſtanding all this, I made many Difficulties, but in vain, and I was obliged to depart.

I had not gone far before I found a delightful Shade, the Spot ſeemed to

me delightful, I ſat down upon the Graſs, and making a Pillow of my Diſtaff, I laid me down juſt as I ſhould have done if there had been no ſuch Thing as a Sheep in the World. As for them, having no Body to direct them, they wandered at their Pleaſure about the Country, ranſacking all the Grain: the Peaſants of that Neigbourhood were too much intereſted to paſs it over in Silence: At the Noiſe which they made, the King and Queen ran out, and ſeeing what had happened, were forced themſelves to run after their Sheep, as the Peaſants inſiſted on being paid for the Damage they had ſuſtained. For my Part I was quite compoſed; I ſaw them run plain enough, but I lay ſo much at my Eaſe, that I ſhould have remained there 'till this Time, had not the King and Queen in their Courſe ſpied me out, and came puffing and blowing up to me. They made me get up and ordered me to follow them, not without loading me with many Reproaches; they afterwards charged me with any thing you may imagine, but tending of Sheep; but I acquitted myſelf always in the ſame Manner. In ſhort, I knew ſo well how to tire out the moſt patient People in the World,

World, that one Day, fearing that the Queen would beat me, I left the Farm, and ſeeing a Boat, with which they uſed to fiſh in a little River that traverſed the Farm, I got into it: I was no ſooner ſeated, but the Current carried me gently from the Bank: I made no Oppoſition nor gave myſelf any Trouble concerning the Queen, who ran along the Bank crying like an Eagle, *Ah! my Boat! my Boat! come here, Huſband, the little Girl is carrying it away.* At length ſhe grew tired of running and crying, and I let my ſelf drive along with the Stream. I found this ſo pleaſant, that I paſſed the Night in this Situation, and would have paſſed my Life ſo, if my Boat had not ſtopped, juſt at Sun riſe, on the Borders of a charming Meadow. Neceſſity rather than Curioſity conſtrained me to approach ſome Houſes of a very ſingular Form: when I had walked ſome Paces towards them, I perceived in the Air an infinite Number of ſhining Things, which ſeemed to be fixed, though I could not diſcern they were made faſt to any Thing; as I proceeded I found myſelf juſt by a Cord of Silk, which hung down to the ground; I took hold of it as it came in my Way, and in an Inſtant a thouſand Silver Bells rang

(which were thoſe I had perceived in the Air) and formed a moſt agreeable Concert: I ſat down to liſten, and when they ceaſed, there came as many Birds as there were Bells, and perching upon them, they ſang in a moſt raviſhing Manner: When they had done, I ſaw coming towards me a large majeſtick Woman, pretty much in Years, followed by all Kinds of Birds; ſome of them formed her Court, and others were buſied about her in their ſeveral Functions. As ſoon as ſhe came near me ſhe ſaid to me: *How dare you have the Boldneſs, ſuch a little Girl as you, to come here, where I don't ſuffer an Inhabitant for a hundred Leagues round, for fear of frightening my Birds? But if you are good for any thing*, continued ſhe, looking earneſtly at me, *I will ſee in what I can employ you. Madam*, ſaid I, *you may very ſafely let me remain here, for I certainly ſhall not diſturb your Birds; but be ſo kind at preſent to give me ſomething to eat. I conſent to that*, anſwered ſhe, *before I treat you as you deſerve*; then half a dozen Jays, which I judged were her Pages, flew to their Aviary and returned loaded with all Kinds of Biſcuits, which I found

I found very good; in one Word, I was very well ſerved, but with too much Quickneſs and Vivacity, for I do not love to hurry myſelf; I found above all, the Fruits moſt delicious, for the Birds have a particular Taſte for thoſe Things: I had ſo great a Deſire to remain in this Country, that I could not help mentioning it once more to the old Lady. *You!* anſwered ſhe, with an Air of Diſdain, *You! remain here, in a Country where every Thing is ſo lively and briſk! No indeed, put that out of your Head,* continued ſhe, *I ſhall treat you in another Manner; I have perform'd the Duties of Hoſpitality, and that's all you may expect from me.* She then pull'd the Cord of Silk, of which I have already ſpoken, but far from producing thoſe enchanting Sounds which before had given me ſo much Pleaſure, it now cauſed a Clock to ſtrike, the terrible Sound of which frighten'd me: In an Inſtant I ſaw a *Black Bird* appear of a monſtrous Size, who lighting at the Feet of the Fairy, ſaid to her, with a Voice ſuited to his Size: *What do you want my Siſter? I want you,* ſaid ſhe, *immediately to take the beautiful* Nonchalante *to my Couſin the Giant of the* Green Caſtle; *you'll deſire him from me, to make her work*

*work Night and Day at the beautiful Tapeſtry which ſhe is making.* At theſe Words, notwithſtanding my Cries, the *Black Bird* took me up, and flew away with great Rapidity. —— *Ay*, ſaid *Papillon*, *now you joke, Couſin, you ſhould ſay, with the greateſt Slowneſs: I know that plaguy* Black Bird, *and nothing ever equalled the Slowneſs of every one about him.* It ſhall be juſt as you pleaſe, replied *Nonchalante*, I don't love to diſpute, perhaps he was not the ſame that you knew, but this one moſt certainly carried me with prodigious Swiftneſs, and ſet me down very gently in this Caſtle which you are at preſent the Maſter of; we entered by a Window which we found open, and when he had preſented me, in the Name of the Fairy of the Birds, to the Giant, from whom you have had the Goodneſs to deliver me, he departed, ſaying, *Adieu, Couſin, until I ſee you again.* I had ſcarce Time to look about me, when the Giant ſaid to me; *You are then an idle one, ſince you are ſent to me: We have made many a one work. See*, added he, *how buſy we are.* I then lifted up my Eyes and ſaw in an immenſe Gallery, ſeveral Pieces of Work, Utenſils, Wool, Deſigns, *&c.* There was one Piece of Work,

about

about which more than twelve Perſons were employed; this Sight threw me into a Swoon: When I came to myſelf, they aſked me what I could do? It was in vain, that, with the greateſt Confidence, and moſt perſuaſive Tone, I anſwered as I had done in the Farm, *Nothing:* The Giant told me he would inſtruct me, and that he always found Work for every Body. They were at that time working in Tapeſtry the Repreſentations of all the Tales which the Fairies moſt approved of. They made me work at laſt, but from the firſt Claſs, in which I was placed on my Arrival, I was turned down till I came to the very loweſt; they gave me in vain all the Diſcipline which commonly had ſome Effect upon others, but all this made no Impreſſion upon me, and I was at laſt forced to draw Water for colouring of the Wool: I acquitted myſelf in this, as I did in every thing elſe: the Giant this Morning enraged againſt me, changed me into a Goat; the natural Timidity of that Animal got the better of my Inclination to Repoſe, and the Sight of a Dog ſet me a running out of the Court of the Caſtle: The Giant, for fear of loſing me, let looſe his Green Lion after me, with Orders to bring

bring me back at any Rate; and I ſhould have ſuffered myſelf to be taken or devoured, rather than have run long, if my good Fortune had not led me to you at the Fountain.

The Princeſs made an end of her Recital, with a Sentence or two in Praiſe of a Life of Quietneſs and Repoſe; but *Papillon* told her, that for his Part, he had had too much of it, and had been too long in a Place; that he had been in a Situation not at all amuſing; and recounted to her as faſt as he could, the Hiſtories of the old Woman, the *Black Bird*, and his Voyage in the Veſſel of White Paper; they then took Poſſeſſion of every Thing in the Caſtle, the Animals having regained their original Forms of Princes and Princeſſes, at the Moment of the Defeat of the Giant. They all departed, giving them a thouſand Benedictions: *Nonchalante* conjured them not to work any more, ordered all the Tapeſtry and every thing elſe to be burnt, and ſent them away loaded with magnificent Preſents, which one of her Women diſtributed. However, *Nonchalante* and *Papillon* were not at all ſatisfied as to the Execution of their Pro-

jects; for tho' every thing was ſubmiſſive to them in the Green Caſtle, the People obeyed *Papillon* with the greateſt Deliberation, and were all Quickneſs in their Attention to *Nonchalante*, even in Things ſhe would rather they would have let alone; at laſt they fell into a Habit of confiding in one another their Grievances, and each condemning imperceivably every thing that diſpleaſed the other, they came to conſole one another, and in a little Time reciprocally gave in to one another's Characters: They then ſoon began to applaud, and from Applauſe, to Sentiment, they had but one Step more to make. It is thus the Heart always ſeduces the Mind, and we are brought to love what we before oppoſed; the Progreſs of their Paſſions was ſo quick, that *Papillon* lively and attentive only to *Nonchalante*, became indifferent to every thing elſe in Nature; and *Nonchalante* was ſo no longer to any Object. *Papillon* cauſed to be made a pleaſant Arbour in the Park. As he had a long time traverſed the Foreſts, he had remarked the Antipathy which all Birds had to the Owl, (for the Briſk and Lively recover, ſooner or later, thoſe Ideas which they have formerly had without giving

at that Time much Attention to them) he therefore invented that Manner of catching of Birds by Means of an Owl and a Bird Call; the Birds imagining ſome of their Fraternity in the Owl's Clutches, fly to their Relief, and are ſo entangled. This was a pleaſant Recreation to his beautiful Couſin, and ſhe had at the ſame Time the Satisfaction of giving Liberty to the unhappy Birds who fell into the Snare. *Nonchalante* on her Side propoſed Horſe-races, and gave the Prizes with great Taſte and Variety; *Papillon*, now taken up only with the Pleaſures of Tranquillity, planted many little Groves, and Arbours; gave magnificent and polite Entertainments upon the Water, which he finiſhed with moſt agreeable Parties of Fiſhing: And the Princeſs form'd Hunting-Matches, Dances, and every thing agreeable that Vivacity could inſpire, not without finding infinite Pleaſure in them herſelf, and partaking in all the Trouble and Fatigue of carrying them on. One may eaſily imagine that thoſe Sentiments, together with the Solitude of the Green Caſtle, and the Liberty they enjoyed, would have brought their Affairs to a little too much Forwardneſs, if the Fairies, always attentive

tive to their Actions, and their particular Intereſts, had not interpoſed to ſtop their Progreſs. They were a little piqued that Love had done in an Inſtant what all their Art and Reflection could not produce; they therefore reſolved with one Accord to put their Paſſions to the ſevereſt Proof.

Thus, the Fairies formed a Project, which inſtead of deſtroying, encreaſed their Paſſions. They gave to *Nonchalante* the Appearance of a violent Fever, and to *Papillon* that of a Conſumption; they eaſily perſuaded the one, of the Danger the other was in, and it gave them the greateſt Uneaſineſs. *Merliſiche*, taking an Opportunity when they were ſeparated, addreſſed *Nonchalante* in this Manner; *Papillon*, ſaid ſhe, *ſeems to be very ill.* *Alas, Madam*, anſwered the Princeſs, burſting out into Tears, *he is dying; ſend me once more to the Farmer King, bring again the Giant to Life, and you ſhall ſee I will obey you in every Thing; do but recover him.* *If you have a Mind*, replied the Fairy gravely, *to ſave the Life of* Papillon, *it depends entirely upon you; depart this Moment, and uſe all Means to find out the* flying Mouſe, *and the* trotting

ting Chaffinch: *Bring them to me, and conſider there is no Time to be loſt:* She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when *Nonchalante* was already out of the Green Caſtle. Some Time after, the Fairy had ſuch another Converſation with *Papillon*, who in the tendereſt Manner, begged that he might be made to ſuffer any thing, provided he could aſſiſt his beautiful Couſin; he aſſured her that the Black Temple, or the Ship of white Paper, ſhould no longer be any Obſtacle to him, if he could obtain from her the Grace, which he ſo ardently deſired; *Mirlifiche* told him that it was very true the Princeſs was in a very bad Way; but at the ſame time aſſured him, that if he could procure for her a *Mole* of the Colour of the Roſe, ſhe would have ſome Hopes of her: *Papillon* conſidering nothing but the Danger *Nonchalante* was in, left the Caſtle, and took by Chance a different Road, from that of his pretty Couſin: Our young Lovers thus were differently employed, the Princeſs in the Woods, always running and liſtening, in continual Agitation, to find out, and, what was more, to catch two very ſhy Animals: But ſhe continued her Search with great Eagerneſs and Perſeverance. On the contrary, the Prince

Prince, had his Eyes continually fixed on the Fields, always attentive to the Motions of the Moles; walked ſlowly on his Tiptoes, holding his Breath, and often ſtood ſo immoveable that you would have taken him for a Statue. If a Deſire of ſucceeding does not always give Talents, it never fails improving them, and bringing them to Perfection. In a very little Time not a ſingle Mole had eſcaped the Notice of the Prince; but how great was his Trouble when he perceived they were all black? However, far from being out of Patience, he ſeemed every Inſtant to continue the melancholy Chace with freſh Vigour. Thoſe Inſtances of Patience and Vivacity ſo viſible in them both, are the ordinary miraculous Effects of Love. The Search which they made in a Manner ſo little ſuitable to their Characters, was not interrupted by any Accident; they did not even know what Countries they were in. When we are taken up with what we love eſpecially, in ſaving a Perſon who is ſo dear to us from an imminent Danger, what can we ſee? Or what is capable of interrupting us? The Prince and Princeſs therefore, blind to every thing, but the Objects of their Search, both cried

ed out at the ſame Inſtant: *I have got you at laſt, the Perſon I love ſhall ſoon be out of Danger.* Struck with the Sound of their Voices, they turned about and knew each other. The Idea of every thing elſe being loſt in the Pleaſure of ſeeing one another, they abandoned what they had been ſo long in the painful Purſuit of, though they at the ſame Time forgot every thing they had to ſay to one another, and did not utter a ſingle Word: During this ſignificant Silence, the good King *Griſdelin*, who was taking a ſolitary Walk, according to his Cuſtom (for it was near to his Park where thoſe Lovers, without perceiving it, had arrived) the good King, I ſay, perceived them; and running to them, interrupted for ſome Time the mutual Satisfaction they had in gazing at each other. How great ſoever was their Joy in finding again ſo good a Father (for indeed *Papillon* knew no other) it did not prevent their perceiving what a Loſs they had ſuſtained; for inſtead of finding the *Chaffinch*, the *Mouſe*, and the pretty *Mole* by their Side, they ſaw a *beautiful Woman* whom they did not know, the *black Bird* and the *Giant:* at the Sight of the Lady, *Griſdelin* fell into a Swoon, for it was no other

other than the beautiful *Santorée*, who had only been conveyed away; the Circumſtances of which Incident make perhaps a Part of ſome other Tale: And ſhe, not able to ſupport her Tranſports of Joy, after ſo long and ſo cruel a Separation, ſwooned away alſo. While their Children were employed in taking all proper Care of them, the Black Bird and the Giant re-aſſumed their antient Forms of Genies, and at the ſame Time (marked by Fate for the Production of ſo many great Events) *Mirlifiche* and *Lolotte* arrived in their Chariots: They ſoon brought the good People to themſelves; and this Company, perfectly ſatisfied in having obtained their Deſires (for you muſt know the Genies were particularly attached to their natural Figures, ſo were much pleaſed to return to them) repaired to the Palace, where they celebrated the Nuptials of *Nonchalante* and *Papillon*. The Fairies and the Genies ſpared no Pains to render them moſt magnificent; and in order thereto employed all their ſecret Art and Ingenuity; but what was preferable to all that prodigious Eclat, which could make but little Impreſſion on the Heart, the Endearments of Love rendered them compleatly

compleatly charming. After this Union was ſettled, the beautiful *Santorée* and *Griſdelin*, reſolving to give up all Buſineſs, ſought an agreeable Retreat; where they gave themſelves up to all thoſe Sentiments of Eſteem and Tenderneſs, which they knew how to feel and expreſs: Their Children followed their Example, that is to ſay, they made all their People happy, and conſequently were ſo themſelves.

THE

# THE PALACE OF IDEAS.

## TALE VIII.

THERE was once upon a Time, a King and a Queen, who thought proper to leave a Son and a Kingdom to the Protection of the Fairy *Minatine*. She was very good and courteous, conſequently the Kingdom was in good Hands, and the Prince, called *Conſtant*, was very well brought up.

At a certain Age, the Fairy conſented to the great Deſire he had to travel. That great School, where all the World unfolds

unfolds itſelf in Action, is perhaps more uſeful than any other, and Princes are the very People who moſt ſtand in Need of it, but apply themſelves to it the leaſt.

When the Day fixed for his Departure was arrived, *Minatine* took Leave of him with infinite Grief; ſhe gave him no other Injunction, than to beware of the Charms of *Roſanie*. *Conſtant* promiſed to obey his good Friend, and departed, very well perſuaded that nothing in the World could make him break his Word. The Name of *Conſtant*, and the Agreeableneſs of his Figure, drew the Attentions and Favours of many pretty Women in all the Countries which he paſt. He thought himſelf very well acquainted with Love, but in Reality he only knew the Abuſe made of it, and the Vanity one is ſuſceptible of, at a certain Age. Satisfied with the many Conqueſts he had made, and flattered with the Succeſs he had met with, he inſenſibly forgot his Promiſe to *Minatine*; the repeated Accounts of the Beauty of *Roſanie* determined him to form a Judgment himſelf of the Truth of what he had

had heard, which he believed ſurpaſſed all Probability.

He left his numerous Retinue at ſome Days Journey from the Capital City, where *Roſanie* reſided, and there went *Incognito:* He happened to arrive on the Day fixed for the Celebration of the *Feaſt of the Flowers.* By the Cuſtom of the Country, the Heireſs to the Crown, or at leaſt the firſt Princeſs of the Blood, was to preſide at this Feaſt, and to appear at the Head of all the beautiful Perſons in the Kingdom, which they took great Care to aſſemble together: For in this Country (the Royal Family only excepted) Valour and Activity were the Diſtinctions amongſt the Men, and the Grace and Beauty of the Women were their Titles and their Dowries. Thoſe who attended on the Princeſs were not to exceed ſixteen Years old, nor to be leſs than twelve. There was a Week fixed on for this Feaſt, and they choſe the fineſt Day of that Week to celebrate it: When, by the Serenity of the Air at Sun-riſing, they concluded the Day would be fair, the Hautboys and other Inſtruments gave notice that the Ceremony was to be performed. *Conſtant*

then arrived at the moment when all the People were drawn together, to ſee the fineſt Spectacle in the Univerſe, as it was compoſed of all the Beauties of Nature in Spring. The Prince followed the Croud, and ſtopped with the reſt in a Field, which roſe by a gradual Aſcent; the higheſt Part was adorned with a Profuſion of Flowers, in the Middle appeared a Throne of the ſame Structure, upon which he was informed that *Roſanie* was ſeated.

In Proportion to their Beauty, the young Ladies were ſeated near the Princeſs; all the reſt of the Company, to the Number of about two thouſand, upon Seats ſtrewed with Flowers, formed an Amphitheatre of a large Extent. Thoſe Beauties, cloathed with all which Simplicity and Modeſty could render agreeable, their Hair hanging looſe, were all crowned with Flowers; ſo that the Odour of ſo many natural Perfumes, and the Sight of ſo many agreeable Objects, filled the Heart with ſuch Senſations, as are impoſſible to be deſcribed. *Conſtant* caſt his Eyes around this moſt brilliant Aſſembly. He made a Tour round the Inſide of the Circle, and when he came

came to that Part where *Roſanie* was, he was dazzled with her Beauty: Joined to the Gracefulneſs of her Perſon, ſhe had, in her Countenance, that perfect Content and Tranquillity, ſo very becoming, which, the Certainty of not being ſurpaſſed by any other Beauty, naturally gave. She ſoon perceived the Impreſſion ſhe had made on the young Stranger. Let a Woman be ever ſo little Coquet, ſhe is always ſenſible of the Effects of her Beauty. The Prince was drawn out of his rapturous Amazement, by a Herald who proclaimed the Exerciſes of the young People, and declared that the Beauties to whom they were attached, or thoſe whom they thought the moſt agreeable, ſhould be the Reward of their Addreſs and Activity; ſubmitting, according to the Cuſtom of the Country, to the Deciſion of the Princeſs, who alone was endowed with that Authority. By a natural Movement which he did not give himſelf the Time to account for, *Conſtant* preſented himſelf the firſt in the Liſts, with that Vivacity which Love and Youth can alone inſpire. He gained all the Prizes with a Superiority and Diſtinction, which ſurprized all the Spec-

tators, as much as it confounded thoſe who were conquered.

He came to *Roſanie* to receive the Prizes he had won in a Manner ſo remarkable, which giving him an Opportunity of a nearer View of her, he was loſt in Admiration. When he came to the Foot of the Throne, *Roſanie* told him that he might make Choice of any of thoſe Beauties, with which he was ſurrounded. *Conſtant* anſwered with Emotion: "I am, Madam, no otherwiſe flattered by the Succeſs I have met with, than as it procures me the Honour of being crowned by your Hands; and I am not ſenſible of the Victory, but in the Advantage I have gained in being thereby entitled to account myſelf your Slave." "You are ignorant of the Cuſtom of this Place," anſwered the charming *Roſanie*; "Princeſſes are not allowed to chuſe here, no more than in other Countries: It is not convenient they ſhould be offered to any but their Equals, you forget your own Rank and mine." Theſe Words ſhe pronounced with great Haughtineſs and Diſdain.

The

The Bitterneſs with which their firſt Interview began, has often been the Prelude to the greateſt Attachments. The Prince bluſhed at the Light in which he appeared to her, whom he already adored, and his Pride was very near making him declare himſelf.

*Roſanie* in her Turn, ſurprized at the Rapidity of his Triumphs, placed on his Head her own Crown of Flowers; (becauſe the Maſter of the Ceremonies could not find in his Regiſter any Precedent, either of a Conqueror ſo very diſintereſted, or rather ſo raſh, or of all the Prizes being won by the ſame Man; and half a Dozen Crowns would have loaded him a little too much). *Roſanie* in conferring on the Prince this Favour, told him again, he had nothing to do but to make his Choice of any of the young Ladies, and ſhe ſhould be his that Moment.

" This is inſulting!" cried the Prince. " How well you know how to embitter " the Favour you have done me! I " ſhould not have diſputed the Prize

" had I not believed it would have been
" the Means of acquiring you, and with-
" out that Idea I moſt certainly ſhould
" not have triumphed. Diſpute amongſt
" yourſelves, ſaid he to the Aſſembly,
" the Honour of poſſeſſing thoſe Beau-
" ties, I have only fought for Glory."
He retired as he ſpoke, and pronounced thoſe Words with an Air which expreſſed his abandoned State.

The Exerciſes being again commenced, he could not help mixing with the Croud, nor reſiſt the Deſire he had of once more gratifying himſelf with the intoxicating Pleaſure of gazing at *Roſanie*.

When the Ceremony was finiſhed, and the Marriages were celebrated according to Cuſtom, the Prince retired, and ſought a Retreat in a Part of the Suburbs, the leaſt frequented, from whence he ſent his Squire, who alone had accompanied him, to order his Equipage and Servants to proceed.

You may eaſily imagine, that all the City rang of the agreeable Stranger; his Addreſs and Courage was the Subject of every

every Converſation. The Ladies whom he had deſpiſed, found many Reaſons to blame the Coldneſs of his Proceeding; they were indeed much piqued. Every Moment they ſaid they poſitively would ſpeak no more of him, yet the Converſation always fell upon that Head; this was ſaying more in his Praiſe than they intended to do. They were continually aſking one another Queſtions concerning him: *But from whence came he? When did he arrive? And do you know any thing of him?* Often repeating theſe Queſtions, or the like, though they had been anſwered the Inſtant before. In ſhort, either from a Motive of Malice or Admiration, they made a thouſand Repetitions. All this, as I ſaid before, was an unfeigned Compliment to the Prince; but their Enquiries were to no Purpoſe.

In great Cities a Subject is handled briſkly for a Time, but ſoon dropped, and they had begun to ceaſe talking of the Prince, when they on a ſudden ſaw him make his Appearance on the publick Walks, with an Equipage worthy of himſelf, and of the Fairy who had equipped him. His Love had made him join

every thing which Gallantry could ſuggeſt to the magnificent Equipage, with which he was furniſhed by the Fairy *Minatine*. He was ſoon known for the Conqueror of all the young People, and the Object of the Diſcontent of all the Ladies in that Country.

Dreſs and Equipage added to an agreeable Figure, what will it not do? He ſtopped at the Palace of *Roſanie*, ſent up his Name, and demanded an Audience of the King, Queen, and Princeſs. It was immediately granted, and it was then, by the Modeſty with which he anſwered to the Praiſes which his Valour and Addreſs merited; and by that Gracefulneſs in his Manner, which a ſtrong Deſire of pleaſing inſpired, he charmed the whole Court; and it was with a general Pleaſure they heard that he thought of making ſome Stay in that Country. He ſettled himſelf there in effect, but though he ſometimes pleaſed the Underſtanding of *Roſanie*, he made no Progreſs in her Heart.

*Conſtant* faithfully ſerved *Roſanie* with all imaginable Succeſs in the Wars in which ſhe was involved. He was alſo

of

of great Service to her in appeaſing the Troubles in her Empire, and he many Times calmed the ſeditious and turbulent Spirits, in which her Capital but too much abounded.

*Roſanie* made him forget for many Years, that he had a Kingdom of his own, and his unhappy Paſſion had, all along, made him afraid to ſee again the Fairy *Minatine*. The Indiſcretions of Love have always dreaded the Counſels of an open Friendſhip. What would not he have forgotten, when he forgot himſelf? One Day, being more diſtreſſed than ordinary, and in that Agony, which thoſe who love without Hope muſt ſurely feel, he deſired to ſee his real Friend the Fairy: To wiſh, and to ſee her, was the ſame thing; ſhe therefore immediately appeared to him. "You "are puniſhed enough, my dear Prince "(ſaid ſhe with great Mildneſs) for not "taking my Advice, without my load-"ing you with the Reproaches you de-"ſerve. If any thing in Nature, or "my Art could render you the Heart "of the indifferent *Roſanie*, be aſſured "that the ſubverting of the one would "moſt certainly be the Effect of the

" other; but when once you love *Ro-*
" *ſanie*, Death alone can deliver you
" from the Attachment to her. I have
" foretold all that you ſuffer; 'tis only
" Love, you but too well know, can
" recompenſe Love, and all the Prodi-
" gies in the World can never ſatisfy
" the Heart: I can therefore do no more
" than pity you. The only thing in
" my Power, as a Proof of my ſincere
" Friendſhip, is to give you a Conſola-
" tion which even your Love muſt ac-
" knowledge." She then touched him with her Wand, and gave him the Faculty of entering into the *Palace of Ideas:* Alſo a Power to conſtruct it at his Pleaſure in all Places, and at all Times.

This Palace entertained and comforted *Conſtant*; but to deſcribe it with Exactneſs is impoſſible. Sometimes it repreſents every thing which Art and Taſte could compoſe, the moſt perfect and agreeable; in the ſame Inſtant it becomes a poor and ſolitary Cottage: It is equally ſituated in a moſt delightful Valley, or upon a craggy Rock. The Sea, Rivers, Foreſts, are comprehended in the Pro-

Proſpect: The Solitude and Obſcurity of a Cavern ſucceeds in a Moment to a ſpacious Hall illuminated for a Ball; and the moſt diſmal Objects in an Inſtant ſupply the Place of the moſt agreeable. Prince *Conſtant* made a continual Uſe of this Palace, as he there always ſaw *Roſanie* dreſſed in all her Charms. She was continually before his Eyes, in all Shapes and Poſtures, and there converſing with her freely, he told her every thing he had hitherto omitted or forgot: He found her there always gentle, tender, and compaſſionate; but when he left the Palace, the cruel Reality was inſupportable.

However, *Roſanie* found ſome Difference in the general Conduct of the Prince. It often happens, that though one has no Intention to repay the Tenderneſs of a Lover, yet one is not ſatisfied to loſe him; whether this was the Caſe with the Princeſs, or that ſhe had ſome other Motive, I cannot tell (for it is a hard Matter to find out what is in the Head of a young Perſon) but this Reflexion raiſed her Curioſity, that Mother of ſo much Miſchief. She told

*Conſtant* that ſhe ſuſpected he had ſome Diſſipation, and was not in ſo bad a Way as he pretended to be. The leaſt Appearance of Suſpicion, and a Kind of a Reproach (in which Senſe his natural Vanity readily took it) much alarmed the unhappy *Conſtant*. We have no Secret to a Perſon beloved; he therefore made no Scruple of acquainting her with the Preſent of the Fairy, but he deſcribed it to *Roſanie* with all the Vivacity of a ſatisfied Love.

" I ſee you continually there (ſaid he) " whenever I am ſeparated from you; " my lively Imagination there paints " you every Inſtant to great Exactneſs, " and my Heart dictates to you every " thing you ſay: Judge of my Happi- " neſs in thoſe bleſſed Moments. I give " you Entertainments; and every Thing " which can prove to you the Delicacy " and Ardour of my Sentiments, is at " my Command. I give a kind Inter- " pretation to Words the moſt indiffe- " rent, which I receive from your Cold- " neſs, in anſwer to the moſt tender and " paſſionate Expreſſions. In ſhort, in " this happy Retreat, every Thing in " Nature is ſubject to Love." " You are " en-

" enamoured, (ſaid *Roſanie*) conſequent-
" ly, your Palace repreſents nothing but
" Love: But if I, who am unacquaint-
" ed with that Paſſion, had ſuch a Palace
" in my Poſſeſſion, I fancy I ſhould
" make a moſt charming Uſe of it, in
" the agreeable and delightful Images it
" would continually produce." " I am
" of Opinion, (anſwered *Conſtant*) that
" the Palace owes, not only its Beauty,
" but even its Exiſtence to Love: but
" be that as it will, ſince you have a
" Mind for one, although I have great
" Reaſon to fear that you will not make
" ſuch an Uſe of it, as will bring you to
" treat me with more Kindneſs than you
" have hitherto done; your Will is a Law
" to me: I therefore will immediately
" conjure the Fairy, to ſatisfy you." At
theſe Words *Minatine* appeared to them;
ſhe touched *Roſanie* with her Wand, as
ſhe had done the Prince, and then vaniſh-
ed from their Sight.

The very firſt Moment the Princeſs was alone, ſhe was reſolved to make uſe of the Preſent of the Fairy: but altho' ſhe had a good deal of Senſe, ſhe could ſcarce diſcern any Objects; nothing that ſhe

ſhe had a Mind to repreſent was of any Conſiſtence; and if ſhe at any Time traced out the Shadow of an Object, it preſently vaniſhed: So true it is, that the Heart alone can fix the Ideas.

It is however, in my Opinion, a favourable Symptom to ſee an indifferent Perſon fall into a Reverie; a Lover, if he is not jealous, ought to be well pleaſed with it.

The Objects which were pictured out before *Roſanie* were weak and unanimated; they were deſtitute of that Grace and Warmth ſo neceſſary in Painting. After ſome time employed by *Roſanie* in making an uſe of her Palace to ſo little Purpoſe or Importance, ſhe one Day perceived *Conſtant* in it. At firſt ſhe had only juſt a Glimpſe of him, and that at the Extremity of a very long Gallery. His Attentions, his Fidelity, his perfect Submiſſion, gave inſenſibly more lively Colours to the Image, and conſequently more Conſiſtence to her Palace. All theſe Reflections gain'd at length upon the Heart of *Roſanie*; ſhe was ſoften'd to Pity, that Pity which is commonly the Prelude to the Triumphs of Love.

Virtue

Virtue cannot prevent or reſiſt the Attacks of a firſt Idea; it ſtrikes with ſo much Simplicity, that we cannot reproach ourſelves, nor be upon our Guard againſt it: It inſinuates itſelf commonly by inſenſible Degrees, when once it has got ſo much Footing, that Indifference begins to ſtagger.

The Detail of the Sentiments of *Roſanie* was pretty near ſuch as I have deſcribed.

She was inwardly convinced of her Defeat, however, ſhe often queſtioned *Conſtant* concerning the Manner in which ſhe appear'd to him in his Palace. The Correſpondence ſhe found between his Recital and her own Sentiments, ſometimes gave her Uneaſineſs; and often put her out of Humour. She bluſh'd, tho' alone, at the Impreſſions which ſhe had received, and the Combat between her Pride and Love made poor *Conſtant* pay dear for the Commencement of his Triumph. If Love allow'd a Lover the uſe of his Underſtanding, he would be charmed at this ill Humour, which he would then know always precedes a Declaration

claration of the Sentiments, and a Submiſſion of the Heart of a young Perſon. *Roſanie* often, after queſtioning *Conſtant*, as I ſaid before, would quit him bluntly; and the Prince having too much Love not to be blinded by it, and being liable to all the Follies which this Paſſion ſubjects Men of the greateſt Senſe to, was inconſolable at that very Conduct which was bringing him to the Summit of his Wiſhes. As ſoon as *Roſanie* had quitted *Conſtant*, ſhe ſought him in her Palace, and there found him much afflicted at her late Procedure; ſhe began by applauding, but always finiſh'd by reproaching herſelf, and even grew alarm'd in her Turn.

At length all theſe Troubles ceaſed: One Day, juſt as they came out of their Palaces, they happen'd to meet; their Converſation commenced by that happy Silence in which every Thing is expreſſed. This pleaſing Situation, where the Soul is all Attention, was at length interrupted; the Recital of every Thing that was uppermoſt in their Thoughts, and their mutual Tranſports, became at once a moſt lively Declaration.

There

There never had been any Obſtacle to the Happineſs of *Conſtant* but the Indifference of *Roſanie*; ſo that the Gift of her Hand ſoon following that of her Heart, the Marriage was preſently concluded on, to their mutual Satisfaction.

Our Lovers, altho' now married, had a Mind both together to make uſe of their *Palace of Ideas*, but it no longer exiſted. *Minatine* was no common Fairy; ſhe had ſeriouſly applied herſelf to the Study of human Nature: She therefore thought it neceſſary to withdraw the Preſent which had been of ſo much Service to one and the other, fearing, that in their preſent Situation, the *Ideas* would prove an Interruption to their State of Happineſs; for they eaſily lead to Jealouſy, however diſguiſed under the Title of Delicacy. The Delicacy of a Huſband is always a very great Weakneſs, and very often nothing but downright Jealouſy. *Minatine* therefore made a wiſe Reſolution, to keep both the one and the other from Ideas.

In exchange for what they had been deprived of, they were preſented with a Palace

Palace of the moſt agreeable *Reality*. This is a Palace full of Delights, ſo heaped up ſometimes, it is true, as to occaſion it to totter; but that is always the Fault of the Foundation; for when the Correſpondence of good Humour, and Taſte, with perfect Love and Friendſhip, has once raiſed this charming Edifice, it ſurpaſſes in Solidity all that we know of in the World; eſpecially as the Breaches which Time or divers Accidents may occaſion, are every Day repaired by the infinitely pleaſant Productions of the Heart and Mind.

It was upon Principles as delicious as ſolid, that *Conſtant* and *Roſanie* lived; a thouſand Times more happy in their Sentiments than in the Poſſeſſion of two great Kingdoms, and of every thing in Life which is commonly comprehended under the Article of *Fortune*. But the trueſt Treaſure is moſt certainly in the Heart.

THE

# THE STORY OF Princeſs LUMINEUSE.

## TALE IX.

THERE was once upon a Time a King and a Queen; the Queen was called *Marjolaine*, and the King *Biribi:* They had lived together a long Time in the greateſt Unity, altho' they married for Love.

The predominant Paſſion both of one and the other was that of Play, in which they employed their Time Night and Day.

It is moſt certain that King *Biribi* was the Inventer of a Game which bears his Name to this Day *. The King paſſed the whole Day in his Cabinet, in contriving ſeveral different Tables, and cauſing a great many curious Figures peculiar to the Game to be painted thereon. Theſe Tables were very much approved of, not only becauſe they were compoſed by the King, but alſo becauſe the Inhabitants of this great Country had a natural Taſte for Play.

King *Biribi* making his Advantage of the Taſte his Subjects had for that Amuſement, not only kept a Bank himſelf, but eſtabliſhed ſeveral in every City throughout the Kingdom, and took Care, in order to the Conveniency and Amuſement

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* There is a Game made uſe of in *France* called *Biribi*, which is played thus: There are painted on a Table in different Diviſions, ſeveral little Figures, according to the Taſte or Fancy of the Compoſer; to this Table is fix'd a Bag containing a Number of little Balls, each of which has a Hole, and in it a ſmall Scroll directing to ſuch and ſuch a particular Diviſion, which entitles the Drawer to ſuch a Prize, in the Manner of a Lottery.

ment of all Degrees of People, to provide them of all Prices.

He made a very reaſonable Edict, which much encouraged theſe *Bankers General*, wherein it was expreſly order'd that one Perſon in every Family ſhould draw one Ball a Day; and on no Account was their Obedience in this Point ever diſpenſed with. The Women were commonly charged by the Family with the Execution of this, which was ſo much the more advantageous to the Banks, as they were very ſeldom ſatisfied with only one Chance.

King *Biribi* was not a Player himſelf, no Banker ever was; his only Aim was to get all the Money he could, by taking all the Advantage of the Game. He eaſed his People of all manner of Taxes, reſerving only the Profits ariſing from the Banks, for the Revenue of the Crown. Never was a Debt paid with more Readineſs and Exactneſs, eſpecially by the Women, and never Prince had greater Sums in his Coffers.

This Court, according to Cuſtom, was govern'd by two Fairies of very different Characters;

Characters; one called *Balſamine*, being of a very good Diſpoſition and Underſtanding, very much blamed the Procedure of the King and Queen; that Manner of extorting Money from their Subjects, ſhe could by no Means approve of, and had often endeavoured to perſuade the King, how ſhameful it was for him not only to keep a *Bank* himſelf, but alſo to ſhare with the other *Bankers*: But all Remonſtrances were in vain.

The other Fairy, who was in more Favour and Confidence with *Biribi*, by reaſon of the Conformity of their Taſtes, was called *Sanſdent*. This was an old Gameſtreſs, who upon Occaſion was capable of playing away every Thing, even to her Wand. She was thin and withered; the Viciſſitudes of Play, and ſitting up late, had inflamed her Blood and given her a ſettled Fund of ill Humour, which often led her to hold ſuch Arguments as none but *Biribi* would have bore with. She was beſides this, not much given to like to ſee any Body pleaſed, and conſequently was of an envious Diſpoſition; this was her Character. As to her Dreſs, no one could make a worſe Appearance, tho' ſhe was always

always a long Time at her Toilet; for all the Money which ſhe drew from her Appointments as a Fairy, was ſunk in the Bank. Perhaps, Reader, you don't know, that notwithſtanding the great Power of the Fairies, they are in ſome Meaſure anſwerable to a general Council for their Conduct, where they are obliged to give an exact Account how the Sums were expended, which they had out of the Treaſury. Otherwiſe, it is moſt certain, that *Sanſdent* would have ſtaked, and conſequently loſt all the Money the Fairies had, however conſiderable their Riches might have been.

The Queen was a *good ſimple Body*, and ſhe played all Day long with a Zeal and Patience not to be equal'd. The King, who knew perfectly well what he was about, allowed her immenſe Sums for her private Uſe, knowing very well what would become of all the Money. Of courſe ſhe loſt it all, and was no better cloath'd than *Sanſdent*; the one ſerving very well as an Excuſe for the other. The King, always attentive to his own Conveniency, had expreſly forbid any one to make the leaſt Remarks upon the

the Queen's Garb. Whenever the King held a Bank the good *Marjolaine* ſtood by and gave the Scrolls in a golden Spoon enriched with Diamonds; and the Groom of the Chambers, held the Bag. Indeed, we muſt allow, that never Biribi Table was held with more Dignity: He never quitted his Poſt but to receive Money from, and ſettle Accounts with the *Bankers General*, and to ſend Money to thoſe who by Chance happen'd to break; in ſhort his whole Occupation was the keeping his own and all the reſt of the Banks in Order; and he never omitted puniſhing thoſe Families who neglected drawing, according to the Statute. He order'd a full Account of all the Prizes gained every Week, and the Names of the Gainers to be printed in the *Gazette*; and above all Things he took Care to mention, not without ſome Augmentation, the particular Loſſes the Banks had ſuſtained.

This was the Situation of the Court of *Biribi*, when Queen *Marjolaine* proved with Child. Play and keeping bad Hours did not prevent her continuing tolerably well all the Time of her Pregnancy, nor her bringing at length into

into the World, a Princeſs beautiful as the fineſt Day.

*Balſamine* undertook the Care of her Education, and called her *Lumineuſe*. As for *Sanſdent*, perceiving ſo many Charms already diſcover themſelves in this admirable Princeſs, ſhe was ſeized with an Envy, which we have told you before was quite natural to her, and which was the ſtronger, as ſhe foreſaw that a little Princeſs (who had been, for about two Years, under her Care) called *Pivoine*, whom ſhe loved as much as ſhe was capable of loving, would make a very different Figure from *Lumineuſe*, and had an Underſtanding much inferior to that Princeſs. Thoſe Reaſons engaged her to make *Lumineuſe* ſubject to all thoſe Inconveniencies which are but too commonly met with in the World, inſomuch, that no Power of Fairery can arm one againſt them. *Balſamine* had only Time to except the *Small Pox* from amongſt the Liſt of the Misfortunes, which the Life of *Lumineuſe* was threatened with; but alas! there are many others; and the Princeſs, notwithſtanding the Friendſhip of the good Fairy, had but too much Experience of her Subjection to

them. *Balſamine* was ſenſible of the ill Nature of her Companion; but as ſhe knew there was no Remedy, ſhe took the wiſeſt Reſolution, that of Silence. Nothing could be more perfect than the Air and Figure of *Lumineuſe*, nor ſurpaſs the Vivacity and Juſtneſs of her Underſtanding, equally leading her to Mildneſs and Complacency.

*Balſamine* did not give her the leaſt Advice upon the Article of Play, the Exceſs of which ſhe ſo much diſapproved: She knew very well that Children have hardly ever any Reliſh for thoſe Paſſions to which their Parents have been ridiculouſly devoted; and indeed ſhe had all her Life Time an infinite Diſtaſte to Gaming.

When *Lumineuſe* had attained to the Age of Fifteen, her Beauty enchanted, and her Underſtanding charmed every Body; ſhe would have effaced much greater Beauties than thoſe of the Princeſs *Pivoine*, whom *Sanſdent* had at this Time with her in the Court of King *Biribi*. Her Stature was ſhort and thick, and no Girl of her Age had ever ſo prodigious a Neck. She had no other Senſe

Senſe but that of Play, and the only thing ſhe was expert in, was, in repeating by Rote, the ſeveral Jokes ſhe had heard upon the Figures of the Tables. *Sanſdent* never ſcolded her on any other Account, but not ranging her Money cleverly, or not ſtaying till the laſt at the Table, to keep up the Spirit of the Game, and retain the Gameſters. *Lumineuſe* and ſhe did not love one another, though they were brought up together.

Neither the King nor the Queen was very fond of their Daughter; the Reaſon is plain, they had different Taſtes: *Marjolaine* often took the Princeſs with her to play, for her Diſſipation and Amuſement; but ſhe always made ſo bad an Hand of it, that ſhe was ſent away and called twenty *little Fools*, &c. &c. Theſe Reprimands never failed to cauſe *Pivoine* to bridle up, as ſhe looked upon them as indirect Commendations of her own Character.

*Balſamine*, being a Fairy of very great Conſideration, was called upon by the whole Community of Fairies upon an Affair of Importance; *Sanſdent* took the

Opportunity of her Abſence to propoſe it to the Queen to marry *Lumineuſe*, and ſhe fixed on the King of *the Fogs*, for his Son-in-Law. She not only inſiſted on the Grandeur of his Alliance, telling him, that he was a near Relation to *the Night*, and a great Favourite of the Phyſicians, but alſo repreſented to him, that the Beauty of *Lumineuſe*, would moſt certainly ſometime or other occaſion a War, which might be a great Obſtacle to Gaming, and the Expences of which would conſiderably diminiſh the Funds of the Banks. " The King of *the Fogs*, " ſaid ſhe, is a good Man who having " not indeed much Commerce with the " World, is not received in many " Houſes; but he will eaſe you of the " Care of your Daughter, and you will " at leaſt be ſure of ſeeing her during the " Winter."

So many good Reaſons determined the King and the Queen: The Demand was made the ſame Day with all proper Ceremony; the Contract was ſigned on the Spot, and in the Evening the Marriage was performed. *Lumineuſe* was mild, *Balſamine* was abſent; what could a Princeſs of fifteen Years do, who durſt not

not oppoſe the Will of her Parents; She ſubmitted, as ſhe could not help it. Notwithſtanding the Number of Wax Candles which filled the Apartments, yet they were very obſcure; for the King of *the Fogs*, and his Attendants, moſt of whom he had out of Conſideration left behind, very much dimm'd the Lights. All the People about the Court got moſt terrible Colds, for ſo many *Fogs* made the Rooms very damp. The too happy Spouſe of the beautiful *Lumineuſe* was a tall, luſty Man, of about Sixty; he had a very hoarſe Voice; ſaid but little, and what he did ſpeak was very much diffuſed, and unconnected. He was cloathed pretty much as our little Children are, in a white Frock; all his Court wore the ſame Uniform, which, together with their ſhort Hair, was no great Embelliſhment to their Figure or their Mien. The Day after the Marriage, as it commonly happens, the Husband appeared to be very fond, and the Bride as cold as ſhe had been the Day before, not the leaſt animated by the many rough Jokes that were paſſed upon the Occaſion.

The King, her Husband, after having made many awkward Speeches, would

conduct the new Queen into a Part of his Dominions, which he had eſtabliſhed in a Field near the Capital of the King his Father-in-Law: And in Order to give him ſome Idea of his Magnificence, he invited all the Court of King *Biribi*, to a grand Supper. The Exhalations formed his Palace; but we muſt allow the Taſte of the Architecture, was a little *Gothick*, and the Gate was ſo low, that every Body was forced to ſtoop, in order to enter the Palace. As ſoon as all the Company was aſſembled, the Entrance was cloſed up in ſuch a Manner that they could not diſcern, either how they came in, or which Way they were to go out.

The King, by Nature and Habit an old Debauchee, gave them to underſtand, that they were to drink very hard. The Meat was ſerved up, and they fell to; the chief Diſh was Snipes and Woodcocks, of which there was a great Profuſion.

Although every Body had come to the Repaſt, muffled in great Cloaks, and though the King of the *Fogs* had had the Precaution to provide waxed Cloths on the

the Occaſion, yet the Dampneſs of the Palace very much incommoded them; and notwithſtanding the great Deſire he had to prolong the Entertainment, and the awkward Speeches he made for that Purpoſe, the Supper was ſhort; and the Company breaking up left *Lumineuſe*, in the Dominions of the King her Huſband, abandoned to Grief.

King *Biribi* and Queen *Marjolaine* having finiſhed the only Affair which could take them off from Play, returned home with their good Friend *Sanſdent*. She had always formed a Project of crowning her Cares for the Princeſs *Pivoine*, with an advantageous Match; for this Purpoſe ſhe had caſt her Eyes on Prince *Grenadin*, whoſe Dominions were contiguous to thoſe of *Biribi*, and whoſe Figure and Merit, had made a great Noiſe in the World. This Prince was ſo good a Match, that *Balſamine*, wiſe and penetrating as ſhe was, had never deſired any other, for the Princeſs *Lumineuſe*.

When this good Fairy returned, how great was her Grief at not finding her dear *Lumineuſe?* There was a warm Diſ-

pute between the two Fairies: The King and the Queen, in Anſwer to her Reproaches ſaid, that they thought they had made a great Alliance, and had acted according to the Advice of their Friend *Sanſdent*. *Balſamine*, much piqued at their having ſo little Conſideration for her, left them abruptly, and went directly to make a Viſit to *Lumineuſe*, whom ſhe found alone, and their Interview would have melted the Hearts of the moſt obdurate.

*Lumineuſe*, embracing her a thouſand Times, ſaid to her; *Ah! my dear Friend, why did you leave me? You know I have no Help but yours, do not then forſake me.* *Balſamine*, with much Tenderneſs, anſwered, *Be not diſturbed, one time or other you ſhall be revenged on* Sanſdent: *Alas!* anſwered the Princeſs, *I ſhall here paſs my Life in a moſt inſupportable Obſcurity, I can never accuſtom myſelf to the Dampneſs that reigns in this gloomy Manſion. I willingly conſent to live without any other Society, provided my dear* Balſamine *does not abandon me: The King my Husband, for my Misfortune, has a Paſſion for me, and I feel for him, an Indifference worthy of him and his melancholy Dominions. Hope the beſt,*

*beſt, ſaid* Balſamine, *do not give Way to Deſpair, and depend upon it I will never abandon you; at leaſt, I will be your faithful Companion, ſince* Sanſdent *has put it out of my Power to give you at preſent any other Proof of my Friendſhip.* The King of *the Fogs* who ſaw how much the Company of *Balſamine* comforted the Queen his Wife, loaded her with Careſſes; for though he was naturally of a cold Conſtitution, he was ſenſibly touched at the Indifference of *Lumineuſe*.

As ſoon as the Marriage of *Lumineuſe* was concluded, and that the new Queen had been delivered into the Hands of the old King her Husband, I have already ſaid, if I miſtake not, that *Sanſdent*, *Marjolaine*, and *Biribi* returned with all imaginable Expedition to the gaming Table; the ſame Thing was repeated next Day, and indeed every Day during their Lives. *Sanſdent*, who had not dropt her Project in Favour of her awkward Darling *Pivoine*, ſet herſelf ſeriouſly about bringing to bear her Marriage with *Grenadin*.

This charming Prince had been left young under the Care of Queen *Bril-*

*lante* his Mother; the King his Father had the Misfortune to take a Pleuriſy in chaſing of Butterflies, of which he died, much lamented by his Subjects; upon which, *Brillante* was declared Regent, and ſhe brought up *Grenadin* with all imaginable Care. This Prince had a very great Averſion to Marriage, but he was ſo well cut out for Gallantry, that he was the Delight of the Queen his Mother's Court. Such was the Diſpoſition of this Court, when *Sanſdent* ſent ſeveral Times to the Queen *Brillante* the ſame Dream, declaring to her the Averſion which *Grenadin* had to Marriage, and aſſured her, that it would never ſubſide, but in the Dominions of King *Biribi*, where he ſhould find a Fairy called *Sanſdent*, to whom he might very ſafely apply: The Queen dreamed this ſo often, and it was accompanied by ſo many Circumſtances, that at laſt ſhe determined to purſue the Advice ſhe thereby received.

The Prince then ſet out, with an Equipage ſuitable to his Birth, and worthy of his own natural Taſte, and was received by King *Biribi* with all proper Honours. We are always very apt to imagine,

imagine, that what we like ourſelves muſt be agreeable to others; therefore, by way of doing him the greater Favour, the Parties of Play were doubled upon the Occaſion. *Sanſdent* perceived, with much Uneaſineſs, the Averſion he had to play; however, ſhe did not give up her Project, but reſolved to give the Prince an Entertainment in due Form: In Order to which ſhe conſtructed with her Wand, in the Gardens of the Palace (which were not in very good Order) a large Hall of an admirable Architecture, reſolving to give there a Ball, to which, the whole Court was invited. But the Misfortune was, no Body in that Country knew how to dance; *Pivoine* was the only Perſon that had any Notion of the Minuet Step, but then, ſhe had not the leaſt Air, conſequently made a ridiculous Figure; and indeed, had it not been for the Attention and exceſſive Politeneſs of the Prince, ſhe was ſo awkward, that more than ten Times ſhe would have fallen to the Ground; her Petticoats always getting between her Legs, or under her Feet. A Ball, ſuch as this, you may imagine was very ſhort. But what was to be done 'till Supper was ready? They muſt of Neceſſity ſit down to

play: Here was then again the Party eſtabliſhed, *Grenadin* ſeated by *Pivoine*, and forced out of civility to play whether he liked it or no. They made him a Compliment on the Readineſs and Politeneſs with which he loſt his Money, and *Pivoine* repeated to him a thouſand pretty Conceits, which ſhe had heard at Play, adviſing him very ſeriouſly, ſometimes to chuſe one Figure, ſometimes another; recommending to him ſuch and ſuch a Number, and explaining to him all the Myſtery of the Game; of which, notwithſtanding the Pains ſhe took, he did not underſtand a Word: And as he rallied her pleaſantly on thoſe Points, of which one of his Underſtanding never could be the Dupe, *Pivoine* told him, that for all that, it was neceſſary to know thoſe Things, not only as they promote the Succeſs of the Game, but alſo as they give one an Air. Would you believe, added ſhe, that I have the Obligation to them, of having been, by their Means, preferred to a Princeſs, with whom I have been brought up in this Court, who was ſo very dull that ſhe never could retain a Word of what I have been ſaying to you. The Supper was ready a long Time before

before they went to the Table; the Players being eager, it was put off ſeveral Times, and at laſt, when it was ſerved up, it was a conſiderable Time ſuffered to cool. During Supper, they endeavoured to bring ſeveral agreeable Subjects on the Tapis, but they fell always upon Play. An unlucky Stroke; the agreeable Manner of ſuch an one at Play; his juſtneſs in paying; in ſhort, theſe wiſe Topicks held out all the Time of Supper. The Deſert was ſcarce ſerved when they ran again to the gaming Table, where the Politeneſs of the Prince made him ſuffer much, and engaged him to hold a Converſation with *Pivoine*, ſufficient to give him a laſting Diſtaſte to her, and her a moſt lively Attachment to him.

They talk'd of *Lumineuſe*, and *Pivoine* ſaid all that ſhe could think of againſt her; which had a quite different Effect from what ſhe intended. *Pivoine* turn'd to ridicule the Averſion which *Lumineuſe* had to Play, and the Manner in which ſhe employed her Time alone in her Apartment, but this made a favourable Impreſſion on the Mind of *Grenadin*, and

and he was touched with the Sacrifice which they had made of ſo beautiful a Princeſs, to a King ſuch as *Pivoine* had deſcribed. He was much provoked that *Lumineuſe* had married ſuch a Man, and could not help expreſſing ſome Uneaſineſs, that ſhe was married at all; at length, he began to regret that he had not before known the Perfections of this Princeſs, wiſhing that he had travelled the Year before, and repenting that he had not propoſed himſelf to her. A Picture of *Lumineuſe* which, by Accident, the Queen ſhewed him, ſtrengthened all theſe Ideas, and inſpired him with new. Taken up with theſe Reflections, without perceiving that they proceeded from any thing but the Singularity of the Event, one Day, perceiving a *Fog*, he left the Palace, under a Pretext of hunting, in the hopes that, by making a ſtrict Search, he might, one Time or other, get a Sight of her himſelf. In order to ſatisfy his Curioſity, he continually ſought the thickeſt Fogs, as much as one would Sun-ſhine in Spring, or Shade in the middle of Summer. After paſſing ſome Time in this melancholy Occupation, he one Day perceived, in a large Meadow, a great Fog of a prodigious Thickneſs,

Thickneſs, with ſuch a Motion, as thoſe Exhalations commonly have. The riſing Sun had juſt gilded the reſt of the Country. The Prince immediately ran thither. (It is impoſſible to define preciſely that Inſtinct, by which Lovers are influenced and conducted.) Here his Hopes did not deceive him, for this Fog was one of the Queen's Palaces. The King of *the Fogs* had cauſed it to move in Fenny Ground, in order to have a conſtant Supply of Subſtance, for a Project he had formed, of proceeding towards the North. The Queen was walking upon a Kind of Terrace, at the Extremity of the Fog, in order to ſee the Sun, and to breath a more pure and ſerene Air, the Prince knowing her immediately, could not help crying out: *At laſt, beautiful* Lumineuſe, *I have got a Sight of you!* The Queen, ſtruck with this Compliment, looked on him with that Attention, which his Figure merited; and tho' ſhe did not anſwer a Word, ſhe gave him to underſtand how agreeable it was to her. How eaſily does a Lover comprehend this Language! The Palace purſuing its Way, left the Prince, enchanted with what he had ſeen, and the Queen ran directly to acquaint

quaint *Balſamine* with this little Adventure. The Fairy, having conſulted her Book, told her, with a Sigh, that ſhe had ſeen Prince *Grenadin*, the very Man whom ſhe had wiſhed, could have been her Husband.

As ſoon as the Queen knew that he was a Prince, his Figure ſeemed to her the more agreeable, and making a Compariſon between him and the King her Huſband, he made a pretty quick Progreſs in her Mind: For the moſt auſtere Virtue cannot reſiſt a firſt Impreſſion. At length, Solitude, Friendſhip, the Openneſs and Fullneſs of her Heart, and the Pleaſure ſhe took in ſpeaking of him, engaged the Princeſs to declare her Sentiments to *Balſamine*, who not being able to refuſe her ſo natural and intereſting a Converſation, gave herſelf up to it with that Patience, which Confidants ſhould always be poſſeſſed of, to enable them to bear all the Repetitions of an amorous Harangue; and ſhe had the more Need of ſuch a Complaiſance, as, from the Law impoſed by *Sanſdent* on *Lumineuſe*, from the Moment of her Birth, ſhe could not foretel what was to happen to her: But this was not at the

Bottom

Bottom any great Matter; for Hope, a conſtant Attendant upon Love, is always ſufficiently prophetick. It was not therefore poſſible for her to repreſent to her any Thing, but the paſt and preſent. After a little Conjuration, every Thing ſhe deſired to know, being wrote in her Book, ſhe read out of it aloud; giving her an Account of the Indifference and Gallantry of *Grenadin*, while at the Court of the Queen his Mother; the Dream which *Sanſdent* had cauſed; the Departure of the Prince, and his Arrival at the Court of King *Biribi:* his Averſion to Play, a Detail of the Dance, and the awkward Conceits of *Pivoine*; in ſhort, an Account of every Thing that had paſſed.

The Queen read without ceaſing in the Fairy's Book. It had Leaves of Vellum, on which was expreſſed to the Life, in Minature, by the prettieſt Figures imaginable, every Event which was either intereſting or amuſing. *Lumineuſe* there ſaw, with Pleaſure the Prince return to King *Biribi* immediately after his Interview with her. She perceived the Encreaſe of his Concern, and obſerving the continual Search which he made

made in the thickeſt Fogs, was in ſome fear for his Health. She was Witneſs to the Pains he took to obtain a Copy of her Picture, and it was not without a ſecret Satisfaction, that ſhe remarked that *Pivoine* ſuffer'd much from her Indifference to her. At length ſhe underſtood that, after having refuſed all the advantageous Offers of *Sanſdent*, in the Behalf of *Pivoine*, and having very politely loſt great Sums of Money to the King's Bank, he returned home, in the hopes that, as there were Fogs in that Country, he might chance to find her there; and perceiving that *Sanſdent*, in great Wrath at his Treatment of *Pivoine*, was determined to puniſh him, ſhe ran to apprize *Balſamine* of it, ſaying, *Oh! ſave him, my dear Friend, ſhe is going to metamorphoſe him: At leaſt let her not change his Figure. Be ſatisfied*, anſwer'd the good Fairy, *I have taken care of him.* And, in Effect, ſhe ſaw him depart without the leaſt Obſtacle or Accident.

*Grenadin* blindly giving himſelf up to his Paſſion, often curſt his Fate, and exclaimed againſt the Dream of the Queen his Mother. As for *Lumineuſe*, ſhe had her little Book, but was not, for all that,

leſs

leſs unhappy: For thoſe who love, think but ſlightly of the Aſſiſtance they have, and loſe the Enjoyment of what they do, in the Uneaſineſs at what they do not poſſeſs.

The King of the *Fogs*, greatly agitated and tormented by the Indifference of *Lumineuſe*, and being pretty much advanced in Years, fell into a Decay. The Phyſicians adviſed him to ſeek a better Air than what he commonly breathed: He obeyed, but unhappily (I mean for himſelf) he received a Stroke from a Sun-beam, of which he died ſome Days after. The Queen took all proper Care of him, and behaved with ſo much Propriety on this Occaſion, that the *Fogs* were all charmed with her.

When the laſt Duties were paid to the King, and they had laid him in a great Lake, the Tomb of the Kings his Predeceſſors, *Lumineuſe* form'd a Reſolution of quitting this melancholy Abode, and of returning to the Court of the King her Father, to whom ſhe wrote on the Occaſion. The King anſwer'd her Letter, telling her, that ſhe had nothing to do but to diveſt herſelf of all Authority, and

and ſhe ſhould always find a Welcome in his Dominions. *Lumineuſe* then pack'd up all her Goods, with incredible Diligence. The *Fogs* having the ſtrongeſt Attachment to their Queen, would not abandon her; but all their Intreaties to prevail on her not to leave them, were in vain; diſengaging them from their Oaths of Fidelity, ſhe quitted them, and ever ſince, they have been ſcatter'd all over the Face of the Earth: No Body having ſince that Time taken the Trouble, either to re-unite or govern them. All that I could learn, concerning the Diviſion of this great Nation, was, that moſt of them retired into *England* and *Ireland*.

*Lumineuſe* appeared at the Court of the King her Father, more beautiful than when ſhe left it. The Floridity and Freſhneſs of her Complexion had not been the leaſt impaired, in that unwholeſome Country. Her Mourning ſerved her for a Pretext, not to join in the Parties of the King, ſo little ſuitable to her Taſte. She was cloath'd in White, according to the Cuſtom of the Widows of the Kings of the *Fogs*; and what would perhaps have a contrary Effect on others, was

was an Embelliſhment to her Figure. Some Time after her Arrival, by the Advice of the good *Balſamine*, ſhe demanded of her Father a Piece of Ground, where, with the Fairy's Aſſiſtance, ſhe built a Palace, on the Outſide of which Order and Simplicity, and on the Inſide, Taſte and Magnificence, were united. It was there ſhe form'd a Court of the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons of both Sexes: The Gardens were anſwerable to the Magnificence of the Palace; but the Bower of TRUTH, which *Balſamine* had made her a Preſent of, was of infinite Uſe to one who would have no Body about her that was not ſincere. This Bower encloſed the moſt admirable Statues of White Marble; TRUTH, naked, overlook'd the reſt, and, by the Diſpoſition of the Plan, their Eyes were fix'd upon her. Candour was expreſs'd in her Countenance, but you might diſcover, at the ſame time, theſe Impreſſions which the Vices had made thereon. This Bower was divided into ſeveral Apartments, which contain'd the different Virtues that Men ought to purſue, forming Temples of Verdure conſecrated to each of thoſe Divinities. In one, was Love, with Delicacy and Fidelity. Valour, in another,

other, accompanied with Humanity and Preſence of Mind. Gratitude, with Memory and Senſibility. Reputation was placed between Chaſtity and Modeſty, and the Temple of Religion was adorned by Faith and Perſuaſion.

This Bower was open to every one, and an old Man accompanied thoſe whom Curioſity brought thither.

How many preſented themſelves with that Confidence and Self-ſufficiency, ſo common in a Court! How many Courtiers ſaw Truth, all on ſudden, at their Approach, hide herſelf from their Regards behind the Maſk of Deceit and Lies, cover'd with glittering Rags! How many Lovers, of both Sexes, obliged the Figure of Love to aſſume that of Inconſtancy or Coquetry! How many others, inſtead of finding Love, as they had repreſented him, ſaw nothing but a falſe Appearance of it! The Valiant appear'd either with Terror or Cruelty imprinted on their Contenances. Ingratitude in a Moment took the Place of Gratitude, and Forgetfulneſs that of Memory and Senſibility. How many Prudes, by their Preſence, drove away Modeſty, and ſubſtituted Debauch in her Place; Chaſtity vaniſh-

vaniſhing on their Appearance! And what Hypocriſy, and how many humane Projects were confounded in the Temple of Religion!

By the Help of this Bower, and her own Perſpicuity, *Lumineuſe* aſſembled in her Court, People of the greateſt Merit and Sincerity: And tho' it was not the moſt numerous, it was certainly the moſt charming in the World.

The Princeſs was ſtill entirely taken up with the Thoughts of *Grenadin*. She had ſeen in the little Book which the Fairy had given her, that the Prince, tired of every Thing in his Mother's Court, could not make any long Stay there; but from his Deſire of finding her out, and a Determination to ſeek her in the thickeſt Fogs, had taken a diſagreeable Journey towards the North. It was not poſſible for her any longer to reſiſt the Pleaſure of drawing him out of this Inquietude, by acquainting him with the Death of her Huſband, the Liberty ſhe enjoyed, and the Place of her Abode: But in this ſhe could expect no Fairy Aſſiſtance; it was to Love therefore ſhe applied, to facilitate the Accompliſh-

ment of her Deſires. She open'd one of her Windows, and calling to her a little Fog which ſhe ſaw in the Garden, and finding it to be one who had faithfully ſerved her, whoſe Vivacity, and obliging Attachment to her ſhe was convinced of, ſhe took that Opportunity to ſend to Prince *Grenadin* an Account of all that had happen'd. The Inſtant that he was inform'd of the Place of her Abode, ſhunning the Fogs as much as he before ſought them, he ſet out immediately towards the Dominions of King *Biribi*.

You may remember the Procedure of *Sanſdent*, and may eaſily conceive that *Balſamine* was very much diſpleaſed at it: But this good Fairy, wiſe even in her Anger, was reſolved to contain herſelf until ſhe had firmly and agreeably eſtabliſh'd *Lumineuſe*. This being done, ſoon after the two Fairies had a warm Debate, which they carried to ſuch a Height, that nothing but a ſingle Combat could terminate it, the Conſequence of which might have been terrible: But the Council of Fairies being apprized of it, they were both ſummon'd to appear before this ſage Tribunal.

*Sanſdent*

*Sanſdent* was convicted and ſent to the Country of the ſavage *Indians*, under the Pretence of civilizing them; but in Reality to puniſh her by a Baniſhment, which was the more inſupportable, as in that Country there was no Reſource, in reſpect to Play. They ſent for *Pivoine* without permitting her to take Leave of King *Biribi* or Queen *Marjolaine*, and the Fairy had orders to marry her to one of the Savage Kings. Then the Council broke up without being in the leaſt moved by their Tears.

*Balſamine* on her Return found King *Biribi* and Queen *Marjolaine* (quite melancholy and diſtreſt at the Abſence of their Friend *Sanſdent)* at Play, waiting for the Deciſion of Events. They got up to meet the Fairy with a Conſciouſneſs of having done amiſs, but they were aſtoniſhed when ſhe deſired them not to ſtir, but to continue their Game. She was reſolved to puniſh them, but was determined to do it in ſuch a Manner as ſhould be effectual without any great Eclat. She order'd it ſo, that all the Banks were broke by the good Fortune of the Adventurers; and this

good Fortune was ſo wiſely managed, that all the Players in the Kingdom gain'd exactly what they had loſt, and found themſelves in the ſame Circumſtances as they had been in before the Edict for Playing had taken Place: Indeed it was Time this Reparation was made, for almoſt every Family in the Kingdom had been abſolutely ruined. *Balſamine* comforted the King on this Occaſion, by making him look back on the Shame and Inconveniency attending a Life, ſuch as he hitherto had led: adviſing him (and that in peremptory Manner) to ſubmit to the Counſels of *Lumineuſe* for the better Government of his Kingdom; and his Incapacity joined to other Reaſons determined him to obey this Order of the Fairy.

*Lumineuſe* from her own infinite Knowledge and Underſtanding, aided by the wiſe Counſels of *Balſamine*, re-eſtabliſhed the Policy, and made flouriſh the Commerce of the Kingdom, which had ſo long been neglected; and thoſe Regulations were made in a very little Time. The Choice of Men being moſt eſſentially neceſſary, the Bower of Truth was of infinite Uſe to ſound the Hearts, and

ſhew

ſhew the Degrees of Virtue in thoſe whom ſhe employed. *Balſamine*, for the Amuſement of the King and Queen, and their little Court, invented the Game of the Gooſe, My Lady's Hole, and many others, which have ſince been tranſmitted to us; alſo ſeveral Games that tended to the Improvement of Orthography and Geography, which had been almoſt forgotten in that Country.

*Balſamine*, in the Name of *Lumineuſe*, expreſly forbid, under ſevere Penalties, all other Games, eſpecially Biribi. She made them burn all their Tables, Bags and Balls, which they called in from all Corners. I can't comprehend for my Part how, after all theſe Precautions, this Game could have reach'd our Knowledge, eſpecially after ſo long a Space of Time.

*Grenadin*, as I ſaid before, being apprized by the *Fog*, had ſet out for the Court of *Biribi*; but he was at that Time at ſo great a Diſtance from it, that *Lumineuſe* and *Balſamine* had Time to do all that we have mentioned, before he poſſibly could get there. The Prince who expected to find the Court of King *Bi-*

*ribi* in the ſame Situation as before, was afraid to go in the Way of *Sanſdent*, whom he had left furiouſly bent againſt him: But he was more afraid of *Pivoine*, becauſe ſhe loved him; for there is nothing ſo much dreaded by a Perſon enamour'd, as the Addreſs of a diſagreeable Object: He therefore enter'd the Capital in Diſguiſe.

How great was his Joy at receiving in Anſwer to every Queſtion, new Encomiums on his Miſtreſs! A Deſcription of a particular Virtue, an Example of Gentleneſs, an Inſtance of her great Wiſdom and Underſtanding, in ſhort, the general Affection of a whole Nation, who were never tired with anſwering the repeated Queſtions of Love and Curioſity! All theſe flattering Recitals enchanted him to ſuch a Degree, that he could not conceal himſelf any longer, but declaring his Birth and Name, he was conducted to the Fairy, who perform'd the Office of Prime Miniſter. Their Interview was ſhort, becauſe the Fairy immediately carried him to the Princeſs, who by the Help of her little Book, had been Witneſs to all thoſe Impreſſions which her Lover had receiv'd, even to the very Inſtant

ſtant of his Introduction to her. If *Balſamine* had not luckily made a third Perſon, the Converſation would not have been very lively: They were too full, and had too much to ſay to one another, to be able to ſpeak a Word: who would not gladly hold his Tongue on the ſame Occaſion! *Grenadin* demanded Permiſſion to be in her Train, aſſuring her, that as ſhe was then free, and her Delicacy had nothing to ſuffer from it, he ſhould eſteem it a great Happineſs to ſee and admire her. This he was readily permitted to do.

*Grenadin* then made an open Declaration of a Love which *Lumineuſe* made no manner of doubt of, and ſhe herſelf confeſſed the Attachment ſhe had to him. He threw himſelf on his Knees, conjuring her to crown his Wiſhes, by permitting him to aſpire to the Honour of taking her Hand.

The Princeſs conſented to his Deſires; but, that ſhe might have nothing to reproach herſelf with, and fully to ſatisfy her Reaſon, ſhe enjoined the Prince to make a Proof of the Bower of TRUTH. *Grenadin* was much offended at it. "It is

" moſt certain, ſaid he, I would do any
" thing to convince you of my ſtrong
" Attachment to you; but is it poſſi-
" ble, that you can doubt of my Since-
" rity? Is my Love and Tenderneſs ſo
" weak as to ſtand in need of Proofs?"
He pronounced theſe Words with the Vivacity of an offended Delicacy, in a Manner ſo touching, that *Lumineuſe* was moved, and aſking Pardon for making ſuch a Propoſal, made him that Inſtant Maſter of her Perſon and Kingdom.
" It is now, that I muſt make the
" Proof, (ſaid the Prince, kiſſing her
" Hand with Tranſport;) I fear not the
" Trial." Accordingly, leaving the Princeſs, he ran directly to the Bower. *Lumineuſe* followed him agitated with all the Troubles, all the Fears, and all the Hopes of Love. But how great was the Joy of this tender Lover, when ſhe ſaw TRUTH was beautified by his Preſence! that LOVE, attended by an infinite Number of Attributes, at preſent almoſt unknown in the World, came to meet him! and that HONOUR, VALOUR, and all the *Virtues* were in his Train, and preſented him to LOVE! With what Tranſport did *Grenadin* ſee that *Lumineuſe* had followed him accompanied by *Chaſtity* and *Modeſty!*

*deſty!* and with what Satisfaction did he obſerve the Embarraſſment of LOVE, and his amiable Equipage, at not knowing to which of the two, the Princeſs or himſelf, he could with Juſtneſs give the Preference!

In ſhort, LOVE and TRUTH formed the eternal Union of theſe perfect Lovers, and the two Divinities never quitted them, during the Courſe of a Life which was as long as fortunate.

# BLEUETTE AND COQUELICOT.

## TALE X.

THERE was once upon a Time a Fairy, called *Bonnebonne*, who, being tired of the Buſineſs of Fairery, in which her Character and Talents had made a conſiderable Figure, choſe for her Retreat, an Iſland in the midſt of a pleaſant Lake, ſituated in a chearful and fertile Country. This happy Retreat was called the Iſland of *Felicity*; we know it hath exiſted, and every Body perſuades himſelf, that it is in his Neighbourhood; but Geographers have not laid it down in any Chart, nor have I ever read of any Traveller that

made a Voyage thither: It is enough for us, that we have Account of it from the Annals of the Fairies.

*Bonnebonne*, tired of the World and the Ceremony of it, demanded Permiſſion of the Queen of the Fairies to retire into the Iſland of *Felicity:* It was there that, with a fine Library and the Experience ſhe had of the World, ſhe became the ableſt and worthieſt Fairy of her Time. Gratitude was the Foundation of her Authority; for as ſhe had a natural Propenſity to oblige, ſhe made all her Neighbours happy: What can afford greater Satisfaction than to ſee every Body about us, ſo! but it is not in the great World you muſt ſeek for that Delicacy of Sentiment.

To gratify herſelf in this Point, and at the ſame Time not to be troubled with ridiculous Importunities, ſhe had placed at ſmall Diſtances one from the other, upon the Borders of the Lake, Columns of white Marble, to which thoſe applied, who had Queſtions or Complaints to make. Theſe Columns were conſtructed in ſuch a Manner, that ſpeaking ever ſo low, the Sound of the Voice was diſtinctly

ſtinctly heard in the Fairy's Cabinet. *Bonnebonne* kept there a Niece, whom ſhe was bringing up to be a Fairy, who every Evening gave her an Account of what the Columns tranſmitted, and the Fairy gave her Anſwers. But her principal Occupation was the bringing up, and doing every thing to pleaſe Children; ſhe gave them as much Sugar and Sweetmeats as they had a mind to; but in that agreeable Abode, they ſoon loſt their Reliſh for thoſe Kind of Things, taking delight in walking on the Graſs, gathering of Nuts in the Woods, or Flowers in the Gardens, and ſuch like Amuſements: Sometimes they went a pleaſuring on the Lake, in pretty little Boats which they managed themſelves; in ſhort, they did every thing they had a Mind to do, and true Happineſs conſiſts in Liberty: It is true, they had Governors and Preceptors, but they were inviſible: They watched over their Conduct, and when ever they did any thing amiſs, they acquainted the Fairy, who then reprimanded them, but always gently; for ſhe was the beſt Woman in the World. Sometimes the Preceptors ceaſed to be inviſible, and then they all ſupp'd toge-

ther upon the Graſs, danced and ſung or amuſed themſelves with ſome well choſen Toys; for nothing in this delightful Habitation had the leaſt Air of Severity, and they never left it without great Regret: But as all Things muſt ſubmit to Deſtiny, even the Fairies themſelves; as ſoon as they had attained to a certain Age, that is to ſay, from twelve to fifteen, when the Leſſons of the Fairy may be ſuppoſed to have made ſome Impreſſion on their Minds, and formed them for an Intercourſe with the World, ſhe was obliged to ſend them thither; which ſhe did, not without loading them with Careſſes and Preſents, and aſſuring them of a Friendſhip, which ſhe gave them many Proofs of, during the Courſe of their Lives.

Amongſt the Number of Children which ſhe had in her Care, there was a little Girl called *Bleuette*, ſo pretty and ſo ſenſible, that *Bonnebonne* gave her the Preference to all the reſt, and loved her prodigiouſly: She was fond without being troubleſome, and lively without being importunate. Her Figure ſeemed to denote the Sweetneſs of her Diſpoſi-

tion,

tion, and her Beauty encreaſing with her Years, was of that dazzling kind which the *French* mean to expreſs when they make Uſe of the Word *Bleuette*.

A Youth, called *Coquelicot*, two Years older than her, or thereabouts, inhabited this Iſland: His Figure was charming; his Vivacity and natural Pleaſantry took mightily with the Fairy. From their Infancy, he and *Bleuette* had been inſeparable; and the Vivacity of the one yielding to the Gentleneſs and Tenderneſs of the other, rendered their Characters compleatly amiable. *Bonnebonne* enjoyed thoſe Impreſſions which real Love made upon the Innocent and Ingenious, and the Obſervation of it's Progreſs was her continual Occupation. All other Degrees of Happineſs, which ſhe very well knew how to procure, muſt of courſe give place to this; for ſure, no Felicity can be put in Balance with that which proceeds from the Union of two Hearts, by a Correſpondence of Temper and Underſtanding. *Coquelicot*, lively as he was, perhaps a little too much ſo, was all Gentleneſs in every Circumſtance that regarded *Bleuette*; and ſhe on the other hand, in reſpect to *Coquelicot*, was Vivacity

city itſelf. The Birth and Progreſs of thoſe Sentiments was a Fund of Delights both to themſelves and to *Bonnebonne*, who, charm'd with the Life they led, often broke out into theſe Exclamations: "Theſe poor Children, (my God!) how "pretty they are! How they love one "another! How happy! They little "think of ever leaving my Empire: I "never had Subjects ſo compleatly "happy."

In the Evening of one of the fineſt Days in Summer, theſe amiable Children being playing and amuſing themſelves in different Parts of this delightful Abode, there appear'd on a ſudden in the Air, a Chariot drawn by ſix Griffins of a Flame Colour; the Chariot was of the ſame, with raiſed Work of black; in it ſat the Fairy *Arganto* dreſſed out in a Fly Cap, painted a Foot or two thick, and cloath'd alſo in Flame Colour and black. The Griffins ſtop'd at the Fairy's Caſtle, where *Bonnebonne* and her Niece were ready to receive her, and hand her out of her Chariot. After the firſt Compliments, *Arganto* told *Bonnebonne*, that not being able to comprehend the Pleaſures of Retirement, and being

at this Time a little out of Humour with the Court, ſhe had reſolved, in order to form a Judgment herſelf of the Charms of ſuch a Life, to pay her a Viſit, and to ſtay a few Days with her. *Bonnebonne* anſwered civilly, that ſhe would willingly ſatisfy her, and would conceal nothing from her. The Beauties of Nature, added ſhe, are the Books I ſtudy; the Fruits are my Treaſures; and the Happineſs of others, is my only Aim and Occupation: Infancy is a State the moſt ſuſceptible of Happineſs: You ſee me therefore ſurrounded with the prettieſt Children Nature ever produced. Thus ſpeaking, they walked together all over the Iſland, meeting at every Step little Troops of Children of both Sexes and all Ages, whoſe natural Gaiety was moſt engaging; ſome dancing, others at ſeveral different Plays and Amuſements, paſſing ſuddenly from one to another, by which their different Characters were unfolded, ſo that one might eaſily diſcover what would be their Turn in a more advanced Age. *Arganto* did not approve of this Humour of the Fairy's; ſhe was a Woman of the World, conſequently held her in Contempt: She told her Companion, ſhe could not conceive

ceive what Pleaſure there was in all that, any more than juſt to keep the Underſtanding in a little Exerciſe: And all the Eloquence of *Bonnebonne* was not ſufficient to convince her. However, continuing their Walk, they perceived *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot* in Diſcourſe together, unmindful of any Thing in Nature but themſelves, and applying their Thoughts, Occupations and Wiſhes to one another. *Bonnebonne* calling them, they ran to her with that Confidence and Friendſhip which Goodneſs and Gratitude inſpire. *Arganto* was much pleaſed with them, and telling them ſo, they both bluſh'd and thank'd the Fairy, one for the other. I do not think, ſaid ſhe to *Bonnebonne*, that Nature can afford a more agreeable Picture than that of thoſe amiable Children; but, continued ſhe, have they as much Senſe as their Countenances ſeem to promiſe? They have indeed, replied *Bonnebonne*; but it is natural, and therefore may not perhaps hit your Taſte; at leaſt, they are too fond of one another to ſhew much of it, eſpecially before a Perſon whom they are not acquainted with: The Fairies then made them many Careſſes and left them together.

*Bonnebonne*

*Bonnebonne* and *Arganto* agreed that, laying aſide all Ceremony, they ſhould each give themſelves up to ſuch Studies and Amuſements as they pleaſed, and the latter not being able to reſiſt the Impreſſion which *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot* had made on her, choſe that they ſhould keep her Company.

*Arganto* was by Nature miſchievous, conſequently could not ſee with Patience the Happineſs of others, and therefore her only Aim was to deſtroy it, without any other Motive than Miſchief. From theſe Principles, ſhe employ'd moſt of her Time in painting to them the Coldneſs and Inſipidity of the Place which they inhabited; telling them that they were by Nature form'd for the Delight and Ornament of a more brilliant part of the World. She then gave them a moſt advantageous Deſcription of the Pleaſures of a Court. "You are enchanted, "ſaid ſhe, with the Life you lead; but "do you know any other? In the great "World, the Feaſts, the Balls, the Re-"ſpect, the Adoration paid to Beauty "alone, are the real Triumphs of a "pretty Perſon." Thus ſhe ſpoke to

*Bleuette.*

*Bleuette.* "And you," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to *Coquelicot*, "with your "Underſtanding, what a Figure you "would make in a Court! How much "would your Valour and Merit be ca-"pable of?" Theſe Diſcourſes made by Degrees that Impreſſion which *Arganto* deſired, on the Minds of thoſe amiable Children.

They ſought one another as uſual, but ſurprized one another in Employments not applicable to themſelves; a thouſand little Circumſtances of Inattention drew on at firſt reciprocal Reproaches, but at length they came to an open Declaration, that they were entirely taken up with the Ideas of what the Fairy had deſcribed: Love, with the Hope of continuing together, was ſtill the Foundation of their Projects; but, in the End, Curioſity, the Novelty of what the Fairy had told them, and above all, Pride, that Poiſon of Life, corrupted their Innocence: They abandon'd themſelves to the wicked Fairy, who, to make them fall the readier into the Snare which ſhe had laid for them, forgot not to deſtroy all the Reſpect, Friendſhip, and Gratitude which they owed to *Bonnebonne*; telling them that

that ſhe was a Country Fairy of a low Taſte and Education, whoſe Character not being in any Conſideration at Court, ſhe was glad to detain them for her own Uſe and Entertainment, and to that had ſacrificed their Fortune. Thus ſhe inſtill'd Ingratitude in their Hearts, promiſing that ſhe would never abandon them, and aſſuring them that as ſhe was more powerful than *Bonnebonne*, ſhe ſhould never give them any Uneaſineſs. She alſo took care to prepare them for ſuch Anſwers as the wiſe Fairy might make when ſhe was informed of their Reſolutions. In ſhort, ſhe gave her Word, that they ſhould not be ſeparated, and they promiſed to follow her.

As ſoon as *Arganto* was aſſured of the Succeſs of her Scheme, ſhe told *Bonnebonne* that it was Time ſhe ſhould ceaſe to incommode her in her Retreat, deſiring that ſhe would be ſo good as to permit her to carry *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot* away with her. The good Fairy, who ſuſpected nothing of the Deſigns of *Arganto*, and having a good Heart herſelf, could not foreſee the Ingratitude of another, and having beſides ordered them herſelf to pay their Court to the Fairy, con-

conſented to her Requeſt, provided it was agreeable to them, in the Perſuaſion that they would not reſolve to quit her, and immediately acquainted them with it. How great was the Aſtoniſhment of *Bonnebonne* when they accepted the Fairy's Propoſal, and prepar'd to abandon her. She made uſe of many Arguments full of Friendſhip and good Advice, but all to no Purpoſe; they were prepoſſeſſed. She then ſaid to them with Mildneſs, "Happineſs depends upon Perſuaſion; "you can no longer enjoy the Pleaſures "of this Place, ſince you have imagined "greater in another Country; depart, "ſaid ſhe, with Tears in her Eyes, I "ſhall not detain you, ſince you are ſa-"tisfied to go." *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot* were ſo much moved by this Diſcourſe, that they threw themſelves upon their Knees, and conjured her to forget that they ever had a Thought of leaving her. This Incident had ſo great an Effect both upon one and the other, that they ſwooned away. Thus were the miſchievous Schemes of *Arganto* overthrown by the Return of their Hearts; and ſhe herſelf being touch'd with ſo moving a Spectacle, could not help repenting that ſhe had cauſed the Unhappineſs of three People,

People, whoſe too much Confidence in her had brought them into that Trouble. Not knowing what to ſay, ſhe was preparing to depart alone, when *Bonnebonne* ſaid to her: "I have great Reaſon to "complain of you; you have abuſed "my Hoſpitality, but I have learn'd "from Study and Solitude to pardon: "I am only concern'd for thoſe young "Children whom I love, not on my own "Account, but theirs. I will not take "them, (anſwer'd *Arganto*) you ſee they "have refuſed me, and you cannot "doubt of their Attachment to you. "No, (replied *Bonnebonne*) I now am "forced to beg you will take from me "all that is dear to me in my Retreat; "you have perverted them, their Hearts "are no longer the ſame, and they will "remain with me from mere Complai-"ſance. Tho' they may have Art "enough to diſguiſe them from me, can "I be ignorant of their Thoughts? No, "take them with you, I conjure you; "but have at leaſt an Eye over them in "thoſe Misfortunes to which you have "reſolved to ſubject them. Well, ſince "you will have it ſo, (replied *Arganto*) "I will ſatisfy you." She then placed them in her Chariot, ſtill in a Swoon:

and

and the Griffins flying with great Rapidity, they ſoon arrived in the Kingdom of *Errors*.

The King who reign'd at that Time, thought himſelf the greateſt Prince in the World. Flattery had perſuaded him that he was deſcended from the Gods, and in Conſequence of that Idea, he cauſed himſelf to be adored by his Subjects. His Throne of Gold and precious Stones, upon which he appear'd only once a Month, was encompaſs'd by Tigers, Lions, and Elephants, faſten'd with Chains of the ſame Metal, and covered with rich Embroidery.

Without entering into a large Detail of the Ceremonies of this Court, the King put in Practice, all that Pride and Arrogance can inſpire. *Arganto* was his very good Friend, ſhe partook of his Pleaſures, and it was to a ſuperb Palace which ſhe had in this Court, that ſhe conducted *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot*.

The Inſtant they came to themſelves, their firſt Pleaſure was, that of ſeeing one another; but when they look'd about them, the Richneſs of the Place aſtoniſh'd

aſtoniſh'd them. *Arganto*, not willing to keep them long in Suſpence, came up to them. As ſoon as they ſaw her, they aſk'd News of *Bonnebonne*, and the Fairy informing them, that ſhe had not only conſented to their Fortune, but alſo inſiſted on her taking them with her, they were much comforted, for they were greatly afraid of diſpleaſing her. *Arganto* then ſaid, "As for you, beautiful "*Bleuette*, this is the Apartment I have "deſtined for you; your Family ſhall "be ſettled this Evening; in the mean "Time, here are your Women." She then preſented to her twelve, all perfectly well made, and charged with all thoſe frivolous Things that are now become ſo neceſſary to Luxury and Dreſs. They were followed by as many Valets de Chambre, who brought Cheſts, Cabinets, Boxes, *&c.* and in a Moment dreſſed out a magnificent Toilet. The moſt faſhionable Suits of Clothes appear'd next, in ſuch Profuſion, that they took up all the Chairs, the Beds, and the Couches of this grand Apartment. When every Thing was ranged according to the Fairy's Mind, ſhe ſaid to *Bleuette*: "All that you ſee, belongs "to you; you have nothing in the "World

" World to do, but to ſtudy how to " make uſe of it." After this ſhe gave her a Caſket full of Jewels and precious Stones, perfectly well choſen and beautifully ſet. Now, ſaid ſhe, let us go into *Coquelicot*'s Apartment. *Bleuette* followed the Fairy, unable to make any Anſwer; her Surprize and Aſtoniſhment ſeem'd to her a pleaſant Dream. They all three paſſed into another Apartment. Four Valets de Chambre, who waited there, preſented *Coquelicot* with the moſt magnificent Clothes, in order for him to make Choice of what he would wear that Day. They then open'd the Door of a large Cabinet, in which were ranged all manner of Inſtruments of Muſic, leading to a Library ſtored with all manner of Hiſtories, Romances, and Fairy Tales. Here, ſaid *Arganto*, you may find Relaxation and Repoſe when you are ſatiated with Pleaſures, or fatigued with your Exerciſes. Then ordering his Squire to appear, " Here is, " ſaid ſhe, a ſenſible Man, and a good " Companion, you may depend upon " his Counſels. Let us ſee, continued " ſhe, what you have in your Charge." Upon this, ſeveral Footmen, in rich Liveries, enter'd with the moſt magnificent Arms,

Arms, both for War and for the Chace. This is not all, ſaid *Arganto*, let us look out of the Window. They obeyed, and perceived fifty fine Horſes led by five and twenty Grooms, richly clad, and well mounted. There, ſaid ſhe, are your Horſes for the Chace and the Manage. After this, a String of Coaches, Chariots, Berlins, Landaus, and Chaiſes of all Kinds, drew up under the Window, the Horſes richly harneſſed. *Coquelicot*, feeling the ſame Satisfaction as *Bleuette*, obſerved the ſame Silence. You muſt both learn, ſaid the Fairy, to make uſe of every thing I have given you. You are charming, it is true; but, I can tell you, Dreſs is very neceſſary to Beauty. She then left them, each in their ſeparate Apartments, queſtioning their new Domeſticks, concerning the Uſe of every thing they ſaw; for as yet they had not Courage to give any Orders. At length they were dreſſed, and *Coquelicot* went to pay a Viſit to *Bleuette*. They were both aſtoniſhed at the agreeable Effect of Dreſs, allowed the good Taſte of the Fairy, and eaſily perſuaded themſelves that ſhe was juſt in her Remarks on *Bonnebonne*, whoſe Simplicity

they now began to be quite aſhamed of.

The whole Court having had Notice of the Arrival of *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot*, either out of Curioſity, or to oblige the Fairy, went in Crouds to pay their Compliments to them: The King himſelf did them that Honour. The Praiſes which *Bluette* received from the Men, and *Coquelicot* from the Women, were equally ſatisfactory to both. They found that the Language made uſe of in that Country had an agreeable Turn, before unknown to them; this they were mightily pleaſed with, and endeavoured to imitate it. *Bluette*, from the firſt Day, diſcovered that *Coquelicot* was not made for the Cloaths he wore, but had an Awkwardneſs in his Air, which ſhe did not obſerve in the other young People with which ſhe was ſurrounded: In ſhort, a thouſand new Ideas occupied both the one and the other. It is true, they ſaw one another every Day, but they ſought one another leſs; and thoſe tender Converſations, wherein Simplicity, Ingenuity, Candour and Truth had been ſo well expreſſed, were now no more; they thought of nothing but that new Manner and

and Turn of Phraſe which had ſtruck them on their firſt Arrival.

The Dreſs, Magnificence, and Eclat with which they dazzled the whole Court, procured them the Titles of Prince and Princeſs. They knew very well, that from the Lowneſs of their Birth, they did not merit thoſe Honours; but the Error of others flattering their Vanity, they agreed to keep that Circumſtance a Secret, both being inwardly perſuaded that their Beauty and Merit would raiſe them to that Dignity.

*Coquelicot* was perfectly handſome and well made. He performed his Exerciſes with wonderful Succeſs, and almoſt all the Ladies were in Love with him. *Bleuette* was not all jealous of his Conqueſts, and although, in ſuch a Situation, one is not apt to judge fairly, ſhe did not reproach him in the leaſt. Indeed, ſhe had no Right to do it, for ſhe was as culpable herſelf: The Court and its polite Airs had equally perverted her Heart and Mind. Her whole Study being to pleaſe, and to carry the Prize from all the other Beauties of the Court, ſhe gave herſelf up to the bewitching

Charms of Coquetry. You may eaſily imagine ſhe was not long without making uſe of the Fairy's Preſents. She invented continually new Faſhions, which both the handſome and the ugly were obliged to follow. In a little Time this Coquetry, ſo ſatisfying to her Vanity, preſented to her Eyes nothing but jealous Rivals, and Men intoxicated and ſeduced, flattered, or thrown into Deſpair, by the moſt deceitful Looks and Diſcourſes; but *Bleuette* was beautiful, and had ſo much Senſe and good Grace, that at the ſame Time that ſhe was the Deſtruction, ſhe was alſo the Object of the Admiration and Attention of all the young Men in the Court. However, in all this, ſhe took ſo much Care of her Character, that her Reputation was without Reproach.

*Coquelicot*, alſo a wild Adorer of a thouſand different Objects, flattered his Vanity without ever ſatisfying his Heart.

This was the true and unhappy Situation of two Perſons once the moſt tender and moſt amiable; when that ſame Vanity, the Rock on which ſo many Fortunes

Fortunes ſplit, was itſelf much offended.

You may remember that both the one and the other, dazzled with the Splendour with which they were ſurrounded, received with Pleaſure the Titles of Prince and Princeſs; nothing can be concealed in this inquiſitive World, and Vanity herſelf alone, ought to inſpire an Averſion to Deceit, if Virtue was not ſufficient to do it. A young Perſon, brought up as they had been, in the Iſland of *Felicity*, having left it as many others had done; in his Travels happened to come to this Court. He was aſtoniſhed to hear the Titles of Princes given to *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot*, however, he ran directly to the Fairy's Palace, in order to embrace his old Friends, but they would not receive him, nor even acknowledge their Acquaintance with him. Of this he complained to every Body he met, and all the Court preſently underſtood that the Parents of *Bleuette* and *Coquelicot* were very honeſt People, but no more than poor Peaſants. The Court is a Place where nothing is forgiven, and where Ridicule is ſought after with incredible Diligence; they did

not therefore let this ſlip. Songs and Epigrams flew about in a Moment; it was impoſſible for them to be ignorant of it, for, according to the laudable Cuſtom of ſuch Authors, the firſt Copy is generally addreſſed to the Perſon intereſted. *Coquelicot* was rallied on that Account, by one of the *Agreeables* of the Court; but he demanded Satisfaction on the Spot and killed his Adverſary; this procured him ſome Honour in a Country where Courage was ſo rare; but, tho' they did him Juſtice as to his Valour, they could not forgive the Deceit, nor treat him with any Dignity; for, in ſhort, though Riches can do a great deal, Lowneſs of Birth is not eaſily forgotten. As for *Bleuette*, her Pride being hurt, it rendered her more inſolent, and ſhe ſet about repairing by her Beauty and pretty Airs all diſagreeable Impreſſions from the Report of her paſt Life, but all to no Purpoſe; and ſhe had even the Mortification to ſee ſome Letters which ſhe had the Imprudence to write, ſacrificed to the Publick. Her Attractions humbled, and her Reputation (although unjuſtly) arraigned, ſhe was greatly diſturbed, and began to make Reflections; recalling to mind the Diſcourſes of *Bonne-*

*bonne*,

*bonne*, and her former happy Condition.

*Bleuette*, then agitated with thoſe Ideas which led her of courſe to her firſt Sentiments for *Coquelicot*, reflected with Shame and Confuſion on her Behaviour at this Court; but ſhe could by no Means determine to open her Mind to him. He will take (ſaid ſhe) the moſt ſincere Return I can make him, for either Coquetry or Pique, and how can I blame him? He will think that the publick Knowledge of my Birth in this Country, diſconcerting my Projects for the Advancement of my Fortune, has brought me back to him through Shame and Neceſſity. No, continued ſhe, I can never let him ſee the Weakneſs of my Heart, and the Troubles I have been brought into by the falſe Friendſhip of *Arganta*.

The very ſame Thoughts agitated *Coquelicot*. He fancied that all thoſe who ſtill treated him as a Prince, did it out of Deriſion, and he made no doubt but that he ſhould receive continual Affronts from thoſe whoſe Conduct had been changed in regard to him: But this

Reflection, cutting as it was, did not pierce his Heart ſo much as the Remembrance of the tender, the faithful, innocent *Bleuette*. The Idea of the Habitation of *Bonnebonne*, and the Graceſulneſs and Sweetneſs of her Behaviour to them, gave him ſuch a Diſtaſte to what we call the Pleaſures of the World, which he had miſtaken for the trueſt Felicity, that he reſolved to leave the Court. They had nothing to do now, but to open their Minds to one another in order for their Perſuaſion and Conſolation; but, young and inexperienced, they determined on the very thing which in Love or Friendſhip ought always to be avoided, that is Silence: For it augments and aggravates the Fault both to one and the other. Thus, not daring to look upon one another (ſo much Shame had their Procedure impreſſed on their Hearts) without communicating their Deſign, they ſeparately reſolved to retreat. Solitude appearing to them the moſt rational Conſolation, they departed on the ſame Day, juſt as they might have done had they acted in Concert. They choſe the plaineſt Habits they could get, not without regretting thoſe which they had brought with them to the Court, which would

would have helped to recal all the Ideas of their paſt Innocence and loſt Felicity. They carried nothing with them but their Pictures, which *Arganto* had drawn in Miniature, ſuch as they were when they left the Iſland of *Felicity*.

They took quite different Roads, and in Proportion as they drew from the Court, Nature began to ſpeak in them. The ſinging of Birds, the Serenity of the Air, the Proſpect of the Country, the Liberty which they breathed, all bringing to their Minds the Images of their early Enjoyments, brought them entirely back to their original Innocence and pure Regard to each other. But ſhall I not ſeek my Love? ſaid they to themſelves; ſure I ſhall convince, and obtain Pardon; I will return to the Court; (for each imagined the other ſtill remained there.) But how ſhall I plead my melancholy Cauſe? It is Friendſhip we muſt implore in Adverſity. The Goodneſs of *Bonnebonne* preſented itſelf to their Minds, and they reſolved to have Recourſe to it. If they had not themſelves been acquainted with the Delights of the Iſland of *Felicity*, or pleaſed themſelves with the Thoughts of once

more ſeeing ſo many Witneſſes of their once happy State, it is ſo natural for People in their Circumſtances to ſeek ſuch an Habitation, that they would certainly have gone thither upon the Words of others. They eaſily found the Way. Their Deſign was to addreſs themſelves to one of the Columns, which, as I ſaid before, were the Conveyances of all Requeſts to the Fairy: But how great was their Surprize, or rather, their Joy, at meeting one another there, in a Dreſs which expreſſed the Situation of their Minds! After their firſt Tranſports, wherein their Souls were ready to ſtart from their Eyes, the firſt Words they pronounced, were, *Forgive me! I cannot live without you.* A thing ſo agreeable to both Parties was readily granted; it was no longer neceſſary for them to implore the Aſſiſtance of the Fairy; the Union of their Deſires had already tranſported them into her delicious Abode. They would have aſked Pardon of *Bonnebonne*, but ſhe would not ſuffer them. "I know all that has happened "to you, ſaid ſhe: I have ſhared "your Troubles, although you have de"ſerved them: Enjoy all the Happi"neſs my Empire affords; you are now

"in

" in a better Condition to know its De-
" lights."

They lived happily as they never ceaſed loving, and died both at the ſame Inſtant; and *Bonnebonne* gave the Names of * *Bleuette* and † *Coquelicot* to certain Flowers of the Fields with Deſign to render them immortal.

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* Blue Bottle. † Wild Poppy.

THE

# THE STORY OF MIGNONNETTE.

## TALE XI.

THERE was once a King and a Queen who reign'd decently and ſimply over their Subjects, as good kind of People as themſelves, and conſequently both equally happy; but as there is no Condition in the World without its Troubles, the Happineſs of this King and Queen was diſturbed by the Ill-humour of a Fairy, who had protected them from their Infancy. Indeed Madam *Grognon* (that was her Name) was for

for ever muttering ſomething between her Teeth, and finding fault with every thing that was done, or rather, that was not done, repeating the ſame Words an hundred Times over. To ſpeak Truth, ſhe had but this one Fault; as to the reſt of her Character, I muſt ſay, ſhe was one of the beſt Women in the World. The King and Queen had often entreated her to let them have Children, but Madam *Grognon* always anſwered, *Ay, ay, to be ſure, Children; what to do, pray? to hear them cry, and to vex you and me too! Of what Uſe are they? One don't know what to do with them. The Girls are hard to manage, and to get married, and the Boys grow very Reprobates.* Theſe and ſuch like Diſcourſes were the only Anſwers ſhe made to their conſtant Entreaties. The ill-humoured Tone with which they were delivered, and a way ſhe had of ſpeaking through the Noſe, rendered them inſupportable. However, the King and Queen hearkened to her with wonderful Patience. At length, either by Accident or Permiſſion of the Fairy (for ſhe had ſome Intervals of Condeſcenſion) the Queen proved with Child. They immediately acquainted Madam *Grognon* with

a Circumſtance ſo intereſting; ſhe made them a Viſit on the Occaſion, not to compliment them, or to partake in the Joy of the whole Court, but to aſk the Queen *why ſhe was with Child*, reproaching her at the ſame Time, for not having been ſo before; in ſhort ſhe ſaid, that Day, ſo many diſagreeable Things to the Queen, that the poor Princeſs could not refrain from Tears: They flow'd in ſuch Abundance, that the King, who loved her, and whoſe Tenderneſs was augmented by the Situation ſhe was in, being greatly provoked, anſwer'd her a little too roughly, and unluckily gave her ſome home Hints, upon the Article of ill Humour. *Grognon*, you may imagine, performed her Part in this Converſation, but as the King, by ſaying too much, had put himſelf in the Wrong, ſhe made her Advantage of it, repeating all the Affronts ſhe pretended to have received during her Life. She made uſe of a great many Words to expreſs her great Joy at having, once in her Life, Reaſon on her Side; ſwearing by her Wand and her bunch of Keys, to revenge herſelf of the Diſreſpect he had treated her with. —The King, ſtill blinded by Paſſion, an-

ſwer'd, *that he feared her not, he was a King, and conſequently independent. O yes,* ſaid ſhe, *you are a King, a very great King, and quite tractable; you have profited much from the Education I have given you: We know who made you a King very well; but you muſt be a Father too. You ſhall have enough of that, I'll warrant you.* She then quitted him abruptly, grumbling at every Body ſhe met. The Queen was greatly alarmed at the Threats of the Fairy, and eaſily perſuaded the King, when his Wrath had ſubſided, of the Conſequence that might attend his Quarrel with her; but as there was no Remedy, they both remained in great Perplexity. People are not always equally out of Humour, ſometimes they even repent of what they have done. Whether this was the Caſe with Madam *Grognon*, or that ſhe could ſcold more at her Eaſe in that Court than any where elſe, I cannot tell; but there ſhe appear'd again, without ſpeaking a Word of what had happen'd; yet more peeviſh than ever, not only becauſe ſhe was in the Wrong, but alſo, becauſe the King and Queen were more ſubmiſſive than uſual.

After

After the uſual Time, the Queen fell in Labour, and without any Accident brought into the World ſeven fine Children, and when with extreme Concern ſhe ſaid to the Fairy, *Madam, here are a great many!* Madam *Grognon* anſwer'd, *Yes, Madam, you would have Children, there they are for you: To hear you, one would imagine you never could have enough. It is your own Affair, you muſt make the beſt on't: but you have not done yet, I can tell you. Had you ſubmitted to my Prudence, you might have had Children like other People; but you would have them: Oh, take my Word for it, you ſhall have enough. But, Madam,* ſaid the Queen, *I have already, I think, a ſufficient Number. Oh! a meer Trifle,* ſaid Madam *Grognon.* In Effect, the Queen in a very little time after proved with Child again, and brought into the World, as before, ſeven Princes or Princeſſes, which ſhe dare not complain of, for fear of having more. Madam *Grognon*, grumbling at ſo prodigious a Number of Children, juſt as if it had not been her own Work, at laſt, touch'd by her Tears and her Submiſſion, promiſed ſhe ſhould have no more. But fourteen Princes of the

the Blood, muſt be a great Incumbrance to a Nation, let it be ever ſo rich; and the Education and Eſtabliſhment of ſo many Children very expenſive. Madam *Grognon*, like all thoſe who are out of Humour, brought a Trouble upon herſelf by ſo numerous a Family which ſhe did not foreſee; ſhe had Nurſes and Servants innumerable to provide, of which there was ſuch a Croud in the Nurſery, that one had not room to ſtir in it.

The Simplicity of Courts was formerly ſo great, that the Children of Princes played with thoſe of private Perſons, and went to the ſame School together: The Policy of thoſe Times found Reaſons to authoriſe this Cuſtom, which we are not now acquainted with. There was near the Palace a good honeſt Collier, who lived comfortably in a little Houſe on the Sale of his Coals; all his Neighbours held him in Eſteem, becauſe he was one of the honeſteſt Fellows in the World; the King himſelf had ſo much Confidence in him, that he often conſulted him on State Affairs: He was called, *the Collier*, quite ſhort, and for two Leagues, no one bought Coals from any

any other. He carried them himſelf to the Houſes of the great People and Fairies, and every where was received with great Diſtinction: The little Children were not at all afraid of him, for no Body ever ſaid to them, *Be very good, or the Collier will come and take you away.* After his Day's Work, he return'd to his little Houſe, there to enjoy Repoſe and Liberty; for he was Maſter at Home, his Wife having thought proper to die a long Time ago, and to leave him a little Daughter, called *Mignonnette*, whom he was doatingly fond of. The Regularity of her Features ſhone thro' the Vapour with which the Houſe of her Father was filled, and, notwithſtanding the meanneſs of her Dreſs, every Body was ſtruck with the natural Graces of her Perſon and Mind. Little *Pinſon*, the youngeſt of the King's Sons, was both lively and handſome, and by a natural Sentiment conſtantly ſought *Mignonnette*, chuſing to play with her rather than any other, ſo that they were never aſunder. The Collier finding that he advanced in Years, began to be uneaſy concerning the future Fortune of his Daughter. The Goodneſs of the King did not appear to him any conſiderable

Reſource

Reſource. No, ſaid he to himſelf, ruminating on the Affair, he has a large Family himſelf; he has ſo many Favours to aſk of Madam *Grognon*, and it is ſo hard to keep well with her, that he dare not ſpeak a Word to her in Favour of my Daughter; and even if he ſhould promiſe me, I could not depend on it, continued he; and always ended his Reflections, with concluding that the King was more unhappy than he. At length, without coming to any Reſolution, he happen'd one Day to go to the Caſtle of a good Fairy, called *Praline*, who ſeeing him in the Court, aſk'd him ſeveral Queſtions, to which he gave proper Anſwers; and the Uneaſineſs he expreſs'd concerning *Mignonnette*, moved her ſo much, that ſhe reſolved to take care of her. She order'd him to bring her the *Sunday* following: the good Man charm'd at having ſo good a Proviſion for his Daughter, tho' very ſorry to part with her, did not fail to obey her. Accordingly putting clean Linen on her, and a pair of new Slippers which he had bought the Day before, they ſet out together; *Mignonnette* all the Way leaping about him, running before, and returning to take hold of his Hand, ſaid,

*We*

*We are going to the Caſtle*; that was, indeed, all he had told her of their Journey. *Praline* received them with great good Humour, but notwithſtanding the Beauty of the Caſtle, and the Sugar and Sweet-meats, which the Fairy gave her, *Mignonnette* would by no Means quit her dear Papa, and when he was gone, ſhe fell a crying for the firſt time in her Life. This Tenderneſs of hers moved the Fairy, who loved her but too much: All who were Witneſſes to this Separation, ſaid, *My little Girl would not have done ſo much for me*; but at length, by degrees, *Mignonnette* ceaſed crying, and the Fairy, who did whatever ſhe pleaſed with her, without the leaſt Trouble, never ſcolding, nor bidding her do a Thing twice, made her the cleverest little Girl in the World. She always ran with open Arms to embrace her Papa, as far as ever ſhe cou'd ſee him, with the Riſk of dirtying and ſpoiling the fine Clothes the Fairy had given her. After careſſing her Papa, ſhe always aſk'd him News of *Pinſon*, and ſent him her prettieſt play Things and beſt Sweat-meats. The Collier acquitted himſelf of his Commiſſion; and the little Prince in his Turn always enquired after her. *Mig-*

*nonnette*

*nonnette* every Day, more and more beloved by the Fairy, was about twelve Years old, when one Day *Praline* took the Collier into her Cabinet. She was ſo obliging ſhe would not let him ſtand, and it was with extreme Difficulty ſhe prevail'd on him to ſit. And indeed, it muſt have been odd enough to ſee a Collier, quite out of Countenance, in a Chair of State made of white Sattin embroider'd. When they were ſeated, the Fairy ſaid to him, *Honeſt Man, I am very fond of your Daughter. Madam, it is your Goodneſs,* anſwer'd the Collier, *and ſhe is a good tractable Girl. I have a mind,* replied the good *Praline, to talk with you about her; you know, or you don't know,* continued ſhe, *that I ſhall ſoon be obliged to leave this Country—— Very well, Madam,* ſaid the Collier, *you will be ſo good as to take her with you. That I cannot do,* replied the Fairy, *but I will provide for her; let me know what you would deſire me to do for her. Oh, Madam,* anſwered the Collier, *be pleaſed only to make her Queen of ſome little Country.* The Fairy, ſurprized at the Demand, repreſented to him, that the Troubles and Inconveniencies attending upon Grandeur, were very great. The

Collier

Collier told her that he had heard there were Troubles in all Stations; and that if Royalty had more Plagues, it had alſo more Comforts. *It is not*, ſaid he, *that I would have you make me a King; no, let me remain a Collier; it is a Trade I am acquainted with, and perhaps I know no other; but Mignonnette is young, ſhe will eaſily learn that which I have propoſed; I know ſomething of it myſelf, for I ſee it every Day. We ſhall ſee*, ſaid *Praline*, diſmiſſing him, *what we can do; but I tell you beforehand, ſhe will ſuffer much. Very well, Madam*, anſwered he, *I have ſuffered myſelf, without making any great Figure; only be ſo good as to make her a Queen, that is all I deſire*; and ſo took his Leave.

By this time Madam *Grognon* had provided for almoſt all the King's Children; the Sons having been ſent to ſeek their Fortunes where they had obtained Kingdoms; and the Princeſſes all well married, without leaving any particular Memoirs of their Adventures. The youngeſt of all, little *Pinſon*, was the only one for whom ſhe had done nothing. One Day ſhe came to Court in her ordinary Humour, and finding the King and

Queen

Queen careſſing the little Prince. *Ay*, ſaid ſhe, *there is a ſpoil'd Child, you go the way to bring him to Good indeed: I will lay any Wager he knows nothing. Come*, continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the Prince, *ſay your Leſſon this Minute, and if you miſs one Word I will whip you. Pinſon* being very perfect, ſaid his Leſſons to a Miracle, and made many ſurpriſing Additions for one of his Age. The King and the Queen dare not expreſs their Joy for fear of offending the Fairy, who ſaid, that the Leſſons they had given him were good for nothing, that they were too ſtrong, too learned for a Child, and turning towards the King and Queen ſhe ſaid, *But why have you not aſk'd ſomething for this one? It is like you; you have made me provide for a Parcel of Fools, who will make the ſimpleſt Kings in the World; and becauſe this Spark is good for ſomething, you are reſolved to ſpoil him quite at your Eaſe; for, I ſee plainly, he is your Favourite: Very well! but I can tell you, I will not ſuffer it, for he ſhall depart immediately: He is a clever Youth*, continued ſhe, *it would be a Pity to let him remain here, and I will not have that to reproach myſelf with; every Body knows that I am your Friend, and I will not*

*not ſuffer any Reflection to be thrown upon me for a fooliſh Humour of yours. So reſolve what to do with him directly, for I am determined.* The King and Queen anſwered mildly, that they had no Will, but left it entirely to her. *Well*, ſaid Madam *Grognon*, *he ſhall travel. Mighty well, Madam*, replied at once the King and Queen; *but you'll pleaſe to conſider that our other Children have exhauſted all our Treaſures; and as he cannot appear with an Equipage ſuitable to his Rank, how diſagreeable will it be to us, to have him tell every Body wherever he goes*, I am the Son of a King. *Ah! what Vanity!* cried Madam *Grognon*; *it is well placed without Doubt: A pretty Piece of Furniture, this Vanity, when one has fourteen Children! But after all I don't know any thing they have coſt you, but the Trouble of making them. Ah! I am glad I know you ſo well. You ſay, your Children have ruined you; is this your Gratitude for all that I have done for them? I always ſaid you had a bad Heart. Madam*, anſwered the Queen, *we have all our Expences ſet down in a Book by the Hands of my Huſband. A mighty pretty thing indeed!* interrupted Madam *Grognon*; *did any one ever*

*hear of a King's doing the like? I have ſeen many in my Time, but I never found any ſo miſerable; I am ſure I cannot reproach myſelf for not having often told you your Faults, but ſince you don't regard my Advice, I don't ſee why I ſhould trouble myſelf about you: I ſee that I am too good. But, come, let us finiſh this Affair, for you begin to make me angry; this little Boy is as briſk as a Butterfly, you have always encouraged him, and moſt aſſuredly he will ſay, every where,* I am the Son of a King. And addreſſing herſelf to him, (ſaid ſhe) *How dare you ſay ſuch a thing? Madam,* (anſwered *Pinſon*) *I will ſay nothing but what you order me. What is that to the Purpoſe?* (replied ſhe) *anſwer me what I aſk you; Why will you ſay a thing that is not right? for ſay it you will; your Father and Mother know you beſt, and they have complained of you.* Madam, anſwered little *Pinſon, they ſaid they were afraid I ſhould ſay ſo; but, I promiſe you, I will not. Ah!* (ſaid ſhe) *how he reaſons already! but I don't wonder at it, he may eaſily learn to anſwer, and to be impertinent; his Father and Mother ſhew him the Way, and he is very apt; but you ſhall not talk of it, I will take care of that.* At thoſe Words touching him

with her Wand, he became the little Bird called by his Name to this Day *. The King and Queen going to embrace him, found in their Arms a little Chaffinch; for the Change was made in an Inſtant: They took him one after the other upon their Fingers; but they had ſcarce time to kiſs him, when he took his Flight in Obedience to the Orders of the Fairy, who pronounced thoſe Words; *Go where you can, and do what you ought.* The Tears of the King and Queen ſoftened Madam *Grognon* a little, who quitted them, ſaying, *It is your own Fault, you ſee what you have made me do.* Then muttering between her Teeth, ſhe mounted her Chariot drawn by ſix Magpies, and as many Jays, who flew off with her, making a moſt frightful Noiſe. Madam *Grognon*, pretty much warmed with this Debate, drove away directly to the Council of Fairies, which was held that Day. By Accident, ſhe happened to ſit by the good *Praline*, and as it is natural to ſpeak of that which is uppermoſt in one's Thoughts, ſhe talked to her con-

* Chaffinch.

cerning the King and Queen, and the great Difficulty ſhe had to provide for fourteen Children; but always accuſing the King and Queen, and grumbling juſt as if they had been preſent: She finiſhed by aſking *Praline*, if ſhe had any Kingdom or Princeſs at her Diſpoſal that would do for little *Pinſon*. *Praline*, who was the beſt Woman in the World, and diſapproved of the ill Humour of Madam *Grognon*, aſſured her that ſhe would take Charge of him, provided ſhe would not interfere, but leave it to her to form his Character and Sentiments. Do as you pleaſe (anſwered ſhe, ſpeaking thro' the Noſe more than ever) do as you pleaſe, ſo that I hear no more of him: Accordingly there was an Inſtrument drawn up between them, by which ſhe gave up to *Praline* all her Rights of Fairery over the little *Pinſon*.

*Praline*, charmed with the Correſpondence in the Characters of *Mignonnette* and *Pinſon*, reſolved to examine them more attentively, with Deſign to make their Fortunes; but ſhe was at this Time pretty much hurried, as the Day of her Departure drew near: However, ſhe found

found Means to leave them to themſelves to forward their Eſtabliſhment without any Inconvenience. Her firſt Care was to run after *Pinſon*, who, charmed with his Faculty of flying, and naturally lively, was difficult to be caught; but how could a young Bird reſiſt the Power of a Fairy? *Praline* eaſily took him, put him into a Cage, and carried him to her Caſtle. As ſoon as ever the Prince perceived *Mignonnette*, he re-aſſumed his former Gaiety; he clapped his Wings, and fluttered about the Wires of the Cage, making great Efforts to break through: How great was his Joy to hear *Mignonnette* call him her *pretty little Fellow!* And how great his Chagrin that he could make her no Anſwer but by a Song; but his Pipe he ſoftened, and rendered delightful, ſhewing all Marks of Tenderneſs that were in the Power of a Bird. *Mignonnette*, without ſuſpecting any thing, told *Praline* that ſhe had always loved Chaffinches, earneſtly entreating her to give him to her; which the Fairy did with a Smile, recommending it to her to take great Care of him. *Mignonnette* readily promiſed, and obeyed with Pleaſure.

The Day of the Departure of the Fairy being arrived, ſhe took leave of *Mignonnette*, deſiring her to take great Care of the Chaffinch, and above all Things not to let him get out of the Cage, for ſhe would be very angry with her if ſhe ſuffered it to eſcape. Then mounting her Chariot of brown Paper, her Caſtle, Domeſticks, Horſes, and Gardens, all took their Road along with her through the Air, leaving *Mignonnette* alone and dejected in a little Houſe made of China, of a charming Structure, it is true; but when we are diſturbed, what ſignifies a pleaſant Habitation? The Gardens every Moment preſented her with Cherries, Gooſeberries, Oranges, and in ſhort all manner of Fruits, always ripe and moſt delicious. The Oven afforded her little Cakes, Biſkets, and Mackaroons, and the Cloſets were furniſhed with every Kind of Sweatmeat. So many good Things were very conſolotary and amuſing; but ſhe perceived that the Chaffinch, which was ſo dear to her, was always aſleep in his Cage. She looked at him every Inſtant, but could not diſcern the leaſt Motion in

in him, and ſhe even ſecretly reproached the Fairy for depriving her of ſo great a Conſolation. At laſt, after having tried all Methods to awaken him, ſhe reſolved to examine the Bird more near, in order to diſcover, if poſſible, what could be the Meaning of the Conduct of the Fairy. It was not without ſome Scruples that ſhe came to this Reſolution; and that Timidity with which we always do a Thing expreſsly forbidden, made her often open the Cage, and as often ſhut it again: But at length, that wearing off, ſhe took the Bird in her pretty little Hand; but ſhe had hardly taken him out of the Cage when he flew away from her, and placed himſelf on the Ledge of the Window, which unfortunately ſhe had left open; ſo far was ſhe from ſuſpecting the leaſt Accident. In a great Fright, ſhe ran to the Window to try to catch him, but the Chaffinch flying a little Way into the Garden, ſhe leaped out after him: Indeed the Window was pretty low, but had it been an upper Story ſhe would have done the ſame, in the Anxiety ſhe was in. She made many Efforts and tender Complaints to regain him, but he always flew when ſhe approached him. He not only

left the Precincts of the Houſe, but after traverſing a great Part of the Country he came to a great Foreſt, which *Mignonnette* ſaw with extreme Grief, perſuaded that it was impoſſible not to loſe him there. This Uneaſineſs did not laſt long, for the Bird, on whom ſhe had always her Eyes fixed, became in an Inſtant the Prince whom ſhe had known from his Infancy: *What! is it you?* ſaid ſhe, *and do you ſhun me? Yes, charming* Mignonnette, anſwered he; *but a Power ſupernatural obliges me to it; I would approach you, but I find I cannot.* In Effect, they perceived that they were forced to be at leaſt four Paces aſunder. As for *Mignonnette*, her Fears ſubſiding in Proportion to the Progreſs which Love made in her Heart, ſhe ſoon forgot that ſhe had ever diſobeyed the Fairy.

Not daring to return to the Houſe from whence they came, and beſides not knowing the Way thither, they entered the Foreſt, where gathering of Nuts, aſking a thouſand Queſtions concerning every Thing that happened to them, diſcourſing on the Joy of their Meeting, and the Hopes of being never parted,

parted, the Innocence of their Hearts, might have rendered this Interview dangerous, had it not been for the Diſtance impoſed on them. Perceiving a ſmall Cottage, they directed their Steps that Way, in order to obtain a Shelter during the Night. They ſoon got there, but the Prince not caring to expoſe *Mignonnette*, ſaid to her: *Do you ſtay here under this great Tree, I will examine the Houſe, and ſee what Sort of People inhabit it.* He then quitted her, and approaching an old Woman who was ſweeping before the Door, he begged that ſhe would lodge them that Night; the Woman anſwered, *You ſeem to me to be diſobedient Children, who have run away from your Parents, and don't deſerve any Pity.* *Pinſon* bluſhed at firſt, but afterwards recovering himſelf, he ſaid every Thing he could think of; he offered to work for her, and uſed all Arguments to perſuade her, dreading that *Mignonnette* would be obliged to paſs the Night in the Wood, expoſed to Wolves and Ogres, which he had often heard talk of.

While he was pleading his Cauſe with the old Woman, the Giant *Chicottin*, who

was hunting in the Foreſt, happened to ſee *Mignonnette*; he was the King, or rather the Tyrant of that Country. *Mignonnette* appeared to him charming, but he was ſurprized to find ſhe was not as much taken with him; and without any more Words, he ordered one of his Followers to *take up that little Girl, and to give her to him under his Arm:* He was obeyed, and ſpurring his Horſe, he was preſently in the Road to his Capital. It was then ſhe repented of her Diſobedience, but it was too late: Her Cries interrupted *Pinſon's* Converſation with the old Woman: He bluntly left her, and running to the Place where he had left *Mignonnette*, how great was his Grief when he ſaw her in the Arms of the Giant! It is certain, that had he been with her at the Time, he would have periſhed a thouſand Times ſooner than have ſuffered the leaſt Violence to be offered her; but he ſoon loſt Sight of *Chicottin*, and his Retinue, and without ſeeing any more than the Track of the Horſes, he purſued that. The Day being ſpent, he had not gone far, when the Obſcurity of the Night plunged him into a State not to be deſcribed: Being ſeated on the Ground, he perceived by his Side a

ſmall

ſmall Light, which he took at firſt for a Glow-worm, and did not regard it, but at length, it augmented ſo conſiderably that it became large enough to contain a Woman dreſſed in Brown, who ſaid to him: *Be comforted*, Pinſon, *do not give Way to Deſpair; take this Bottle and this Scrip, you will always find them full with whatever you have a Mind for, either to eat or drink; take Care alſo of this little Wand; put it under your Left Foot, and name me every Time that you have occaſion for me, and I will come to your Aſſiſtance: This Dog alſo has Orders not to leave you, he will be of Uſe to you. Adieu* Pinſon, continued ſhe, *I am the good* Praline. The Preſents made not the leaſt Impreſſion on him, but at the Name of *Praline*, whom he had often heard *Mignonnette* mention, he threw himſelf at the Feet of the Fairy, ſaying, *Ah! Madam*, Mignonnette *is loſt; is it poſſible that you can be any otherwiſe employed than in aſſiſting her? I know every Thing, that has happened*, purſued the Fairy; *but ſhe has diſobeyed me; I will hear no more of her, 'tis you alone can aſſiſt her.* At theſe Words the Light vaniſhed.

Though *Pinſon* was ſomething comforted with the Thoughts of having it in his Power to be uſeful to *Mignonnette*, yet a thouſand jealous Ideas ſtill tormented him, which the Careſſes of his Dog were not capable of diſſipating a Moment. At length the Day Light which he had waited for with ſo much Impatience, arrived, and he purſued his Journey with ſo much Haſte, that he reached the Capital of the Giant that Evening; where he heard of nothing but the Beauty of *Mignonnette*, and the Paſſion *Chicottin* had for her. He was told that they were to be married directly, and that her Equipage was already in great Forwardneſs: For the common People exaggerate with as much Facility as a Lover ſuſpects. This News pierced the Heart of *Pinſon*. Thoſe who were near him, ſeeing him with the Scrip, which *Praline* had given him, all ſaid, *There is a good handſome Shepherd, why does he not go and tend the King's Sheep? He wants ſuch a Perſon, and would certainly take him if he knew he was to be hired.* Theſe Diſcourſes, joined to the Deſire he had of being near *Mignonnette* engaged him to offer himſelf to the King.

King. *Chicottin* having examined him, found him very capable, and as he did not ſtand out for a Price, he was received as the King's Shepherd: But this Office not giving him Acceſs to the Apartments, his Affairs were not much advanced; he heard however, that *Chicottin* was very much chagrined becauſe *Mignonnette* did not love him. This News was ſome Conſolation, but a few Days after, he ſaw a Chariot in full ſpeed ſet out from the Palace, in which he knew *Mignonnette*, ſurrounded by twelve Negroes, all with Sabres in their Hands. *Where are you running?* cried *Pinſon*, in vain, levelling his Crook at them. *Mignonnette* perceiving *Pinſon* in ſo great Danger, ſwooned, and he remained without any Sign of Life. When he came to himſelf, he immediately had Recourſe to his Wand, and *Praline* appeared. *Ah! Madam*, ſaid he, *ſhe is for ever loſt!* "No, anſwered the Fairy. *Chicottin*, "diſcontented with the Anſwers he re- "ceived from *Mignonnette*, and her Fi- "delity to you, has ſent her to the dark "Tower; it is your Part to find the "Means to enter it: I will aſſiſt you, "but conſider you have been once a "Bird, therefore you can no more aſ-

ſume

" ſume that Form; I can tell you, *Mig-*
" *nonnette* will have a bad Time of it
" in that terrible Priſon: but ſhe is
" treated as ſhe deſerves; why did ſhe
" diſobey me?" She ſaid, and diſap-peared.

The Prince, or rather his Dog, penſively conducting the Flock that Way which the Chariot took, he ſoon perceived the deteſtable Tower; it was in the midſt of a great Plain, and had neither Gate nor Window: One could not enter but by a ſubterraneous Paſſage, the Mouth of which lay concealed in a neighbouring Mountain. *Pinſon* was very fortunate to have ſo clever a Dog as that which the Fairy had given him, for he took care of the Flock, while the Prince had his Eyes continually fixed on the dark Tower. The more he examined it, the more he was convinced of the Impoſſibility of getting Acceſs to it: But Love, that compaſſes every thing, inſpired him with the Means. After having a thouſand Times regretted his former State of a Chaffinch, of which he had made no other Uſe but that of flying careleſly about, he conjured the Fairy to change him into a *Paper Kite*.

She

She conſented, and gave the Dog Power to execute it. After barking three Times, he took the Wand in his Mouth, and touching the Prince, he immediately became a *Paper Kite*, or ceaſed to be ſo, as Occaſion offered: After that, as they had before concerted, by the Help of the Wind, the Dog, whoſe Dexterity was extream, taking the String in his Mouth, raiſed him into the Air, and he got eaſily to the Tower. How great was his Joy once more to be near his dear *Mignonnette*, to have the moſt ardent Aſſurances of her Regard, and to expreſs to her his Gratitude for ſo much Fidelity and Attachment (for he ſtill had the Uſe of Speech). He would have quite forgotten there was ſuch a Thing as a Flock of Sheep to look after, if the Dog, more attentive to his Duty than he was himſelf, had not taken care to draw him down in due Time. He then reaſſumed his natural Form and conducted his Sheep back to the King's Palace, reflecting on that happy Inſtant which had brought him to *Mignonnette*. On thoſe Days when there was not Wind enough to raiſe him, his Grief was extream, but he had at leaſt the Conſolation to think that *Mignonnette* ſympathized

thized with him. In this Manner they converſed together for ſome Time; but at laſt, as there are always People who meddle with Things which don't concern them, others who are ready to liſten to every little Story, and Numbers who are fond of paying their Court, the paper Kite was remarked; they ſaw it light upon the Tower, and acquainted *Chicottin* with it, who went immediately to the Plain, with a Reſolution to puniſh the Raſhneſs of thoſe who dared in that Manner ſend Letters to *Mignonnette*, for he did not imagine the Kite could be of any other uſe. *Mignonnette* and *Pinſon* were at that time converſing in the tendereſt Manner, but they were ſuddenly interrupted by the Abruptneſs with which the Dog pull'd the String; he acted thus, becauſe *Chicottin* was coming up, crying, *Where is this Shepherd? I will be the Death of him for not letting me know what has been tranſacted here:* The Dog fearing (with Reaſon) that the Giant taking the Cord out of his Mouth, would diſpoſe of the Prince at his Pleaſure; thought it was beſt to let it go, and to abandon the Paper Kite to the Force of the Wind, which happen'd that Day to be pretty high.

The

The Kite fell upon a Mountain above a League off, and the Dog had juſt Time to take up the Bottle, the Scrip and the Wand, before *Chicottin* approach'd: He eaſily eſcaped, and remarking the Place where the Prince fell, he joined him in a little Time, and brought him to his original Form. Night coming on, they eaſily conceal'd themſelves on the Mountain, while the enraged *Chicottin* was forced to drive back his Sheep himſelf to the Palace; and to prevent any further Attempt, he order'd his whole Army to draw out upon the Plain, to keep Centinel Night and Day, and not to ſuffer any Perſon whatever to approach the Tower. *Pinſon* ſaw all this from the Mountain, and thinking of nothing but of the Means to deliver *Mignonnette*, he again invoked the Aſſiſtance of *Praline*; but when the Prince demanded an Army to encounter with that of King *Chicottin*, ſhe diſappear'd without ſpeaking one Word, leaving him only a handful of Rods, and a large Sack of Sweetmeats. It is very difficult to endure a Piece of Raillery, eſpecially when it comes ſo unſeaſonably; however the Prince expreſſed no ill Humour at the Ridiculouſneſs

neſs of this Preſent; but with that Confidence which one ought to have in a Fairy, together with that which Love inſpired, he placed the Sack under his Left Arm, took the Rods in his Right Hand, and followed by his Dog, march'd boldly towards the Enemy. Advancing, he obſerved that the Stature of every individual in the whole Army diminiſhed in Proportion as he approached. He was very much ſurprized at this Event, but when he came near enough to be heard, ſeeing plainly that all the Soldiers and whiſker'd Grenadiers were become Children of about four Years old; he cried out with a hoarſe Voice, *Surrender immediately, you little Dogs, or I will certainly whip you:* Upon which the whole Army fell a crying, and took to their Heels like mad: and the Dog running after, compleated their Terror and Diſorder. To all thoſe whom he could come up with, he gave Sweetmeats, and by that Means bringing them over to his Party, they determined to follow him. This Example brought back moſt of thoſe who had fled, ſo that *Chicottin* had no longer an Army to defend him, but *Pinſon* commanded a moſt formidable one; for all thoſe who had joined him, returned to their natural Size

Size and Strength. *Chicottin* arrived, after the Affair was over, to be a Witneſs to the Defeat of his Army, and notwithſtanding his Strength and enormous Bulk, he not only appeared to the Eyes of *Pinſon* as much a Child as the reſt, but alſo a very little Dwarf with crooked Legs: The Prince cauſed to be made for him a Dragoon's Cap, and a Livery with hanging Sleeves, and obliged him to hold up the Train of *Mignonnette*. The firſt Care of *Pinſon* after the Victory was to run to the Tower, and to deliver *Mignonnette*. There was no longer that Diſtance impoſed between them; the Uneaſineſs ſhe had been in concerning the Fate of the Paper Kite, had a little impaired her Health, but the Pleaſure of finding her Lover, and regaining her Liberty ſoon recover'd her. *Mignonnette* and *Pinſon* had juſt arrived in the City, full of the Joy which ſo happy an Event could not but cauſe, when *Praline* and *Grognon* came from different Parts in their Chariots. The happy Lovers expreſſed their Acknowledgments to the Fairies, and begg'd they would decide their Fate. Madam *Grognon* anſwer'd: *For my Part I will have nothing to do with you: I am no ſuch Fool as to trouble my Head about any ſuch Baggages.*

*gages. Have not I had Trouble enough with the Reſt of your Family? A fine pack of Relations you have got! Fie, Siſter,* ſaid *Praline, you know our Agreement: only be pleaſed to ſend for the King and Queen, and deſire him to bring the Collier, and I will manage the reſt. That is to ſay,* anſwered Madam *Grognon, that I am to be your Meſſenger. Alas! Madam,* ſaid *Praline, if you will not do it, only be ſo good as to tell me ſo, and I will go myſelf.* At laſt Madam *Grognon* ſtill muttering, condeſcended to ſend her Chariot for the King, the Queen, and the Collier. While *Praline* was embracing this amiable Couple, *Grognon* happen'd to meet *Chicottin* in the Character of a little Lacquay, and as ſhe ſeldom loſt an Opportunity of grumbling, you may imagine in what Manner ſhe accoſted him. *You are puniſhed,* ſaid ſhe, *and I am glad of it, for no body pities you: Your very Subjects ſcoff at you; nay they always did, but it was in Whiſpers; now you have the Mortification to hear them.* She made uſe of that Diſſipation which Chance had given her, until the Arrival of the King and Queen, to whom ſhe ſaid, *Don't imagine I ſent for you; I am not ſo well*

*pleaſed*

*pleaſed with you, I can tell you; for now there will be no bearing with you; there will be no ſpeaking to you: But let thoſe counſel you that will, for my Part I will not, for I know Advice would be thrown away upon you. But, it is no Matter, I have done. I ſee that I am become inſupportable to you: You'll repent your doings perhaps ſome time or other.* And ſeeing the Collier, *There's a pretty Fellow*, ſaid ſhe, *to come to the Wedding of a Prince! he can chatter too, I'll warrant, and be impertinent* ——— Here luckily the good *Praline* interrupted her, by deſiring all the Company to enter the Palace. She could not prevail upon Madam *Grognon* to ſtay in a Place where Joy broke out from all Quarters, but, mounting her Chariot, away ſhe went, ſnuffing and muttering as uſual. *Mignonnette* embraced a thouſand Times her dear Papa: *Praline* had given him the little Houſe of China, in which he had more than once entertained the King and Queen. They embraced their dear little *Pinſon*, and conſented to his Marriage with *Mignonnette*. *Praline* freeing the Subjects of *Chicottin* from their Oaths of Allegiance to him, made them acknowledge *Pinſon* for their Sovereign, who thus found himſelf

himſelf Maſter of a great Kingdom, and Huſband of the beautiful *Mignonnette*, by whom he had many fine Children, who all came to be Kings and Queens; ſo true it is, that a beautiful Girl with a tolerable Share of good Senſe, may make her own Fortune as well as that of her Relations.

THE

# THE IMPOSSIBLE ENCHANTMENT.

## TALE XII.

THERE was once upon a Time a King who loved his Subjects as much as he was beloved by them. This Prince had a prodigious Averſion to Marriage, and what is ſtill more ſurprizing, Love had never made the leaſt Impreſſion on his Heart. His Subjects ſo ſtrongly repreſented to him the Neceſſity of procuring a Succeſſor, that at laſt the good King conſented: But as none of the Women he had hitherto ſeen, had ever inſpired him with the ſmalleſt Deſire, he reſolved to ſeek Abroad that which he could not find in his own Country; and, notwithſtanding the

the bitter and ſpiteful Railleries of both the Handſome and the Ugly Women of his Court, he undertook a Journey, after ſettling a ſubſtantial and quiet Form of Government during his Abſence. He would ſuffer no Perſon to accompany him but a Squire, a Man of very good Senſe, but of not much Brightneſs: Thoſe ſort of Companions are not the worſt.

The King in vain traverſed many Countries, taking all imaginable Pains to become enamour'd; but his Hour not being as yet come, after two Years Fatigue and Abſence, he thought of returning, with the ſame Indifference with which he had ſet out. One Day croſſing a Foreſt, he heard a frightful Noiſe like the mewing of Cats. The good Squire did not know what to think of the Commencement of this Adventure. All the Hiſtories of the Sorcerers that he had ever heard, came into his Mind. As for the King he was reſolute enough. Courage and Curioſity engaged him to ſee what would be the End of a Noiſe ſo ſtrange and ſo diſagreeable. At length, the Noiſe ſtill approaching the Place where they ſtood, they diſcovered above a hundred

hundred large beautiful Cats, who marched by them with the greateſt Order and Diſcipline imaginable; they were followed by two of the largeſt Monkeys that ever were ſeen. They wore Cloaths of a purple Colour, their Boots were perfectly well made, they were mounted upon two large *Engliſh* Maiſtiffs, and ſounded little wooden Trumpets. The King ſurpriz'd at this Spectacle, was all Attention, when ſtreight there appeared twenty little Dwarfs mounted upon Wolves; others followed on Foot, leading ſeveral Couples of Cats, all cloath'd in Purple, the Livery of the Equipage. A Moment after, he perceived a young Perſon of remarkable Beauty, with ſomething fierce in her Air, mounted on a large beautiful Tiger. She paſſed by the King without ſo much as ſaluting him; but, altho' ſhe hardly turned her Eyes that way, he was ſtruck as if it had been a Flaſh of Lightning, and loſt his Liberty in a Moment.

In the Midſt of this Agitation, he perceived a Dwarf at ſome Diſtance behind the reſt, and addreſſed him with an Impatience ariſing from the Curioſity of a Lover. The Dwarf informed him,

that the Perſon he had ſeen was the Princeſs *Mutine*, Daughter to King *Prudent*, in whoſe Dominions he then was. He learned alſo, that this Princeſs was fond of the Chace, and that what he had ſeen was her hunting Equipage. The King enquired the Way to her Court, the Dwarf informed him, and ſpurring his Beaſt rejoined his Company. The King, hurried on by the Impatience of a recent Paſſion, made ſuch Haſte that in two Hours he was in the Capital of the Dominions of King *Prudent*. He was preſented to the King and Queen, who received him with open Arms, eſpecially as he declared his Name and Quality. In a little Time the beautiful *Mutine* returned from the Chace. Hearing that ſhe had taken two Rabbits, he complimented her on the Occaſion; but the Princeſs made no Anſwer. He was a little ſurprized at her Silence; and the more ſo when he found ſhe did not ſpeak one Word during Supper. He obſerved indeed, that ſeveral Times ſhe ſeemed as if ſhe was going to ſay ſomething, but either King *Prudent* or the Queen (never both drinking at the ſame Time) always interrupted her. The King being retired, the good Squire could

could not conceal his Diſcontent at the Paſſion of his Maſter. *But why all this Chagrin?* anſwer'd the King: *the Princeſs is handſome, what could one deſire more? She is handſome, it is true,* ſaid the good Squire; *but there are other Requiſites beſides Beauty to form perfect Happineſs. Believe me, Sir,* added he, *ſhe has ſomething of Fierceneſs in her Aſpect. It is only Sprightlineſs,* ſaid the King, *and what is more becoming in an handſome Perſon? Let it be Sprightlineſs, Fierceneſs, or what you will,* continued the Squire, *the Choice ſhe has made of ſuch untoward Animals in her Equipage, is, in my Opinion, a convincing Proof of a Cruelty in her Nature. Beſides, the Attention by which ſhe is prevented from ſpeaking, looks ſuſpicious; the King has not his Name for nothing; neither do I like that of* Mutine; *it may have ſome Reference to her Character, tho' a little ſoften'd: You know as well as I how natural it is to flatter Perſons of her Rank.*

The Reflections of the good Squire were ſenſible; but as a Difficulty only augments a Paſſion in the Hearts of all Men, eſpecially Princes, who don't much love to be contradicted, he de-

manded the Princeſs the very next Day. As they had been before informed of the Indifference of the King, the Triumphs of the Charms of *Mutine* were great. He obtained the Princeſs; but upon thoſe Conditions: That the Marriage ſhould be performed the next Day, and that he ſhould not ſpeak to her until ſhe was his Wife. This ſeem'd to the King to be conſequential of ſome ſimple Vow, the religious Obſervance of which he accounted a very great Virtue. Theſe Precautions afforded freſh Matter for the Squire to enlarge upon; but he made no manner of Impreſſion on the King, who after peaceably hearkening to him, ſaid to him: *I have taken a great deal of Pains to become enamour'd; I am ſo: What the Devil would you have?* They ſpent the reſt of that Day as well as the next, in Balls and Feaſts. The Princeſs aſſiſted at every Thing, without ſpeaking one Word; and the very firſt he heard her pronounce was that fatal *Yes*, which attached her to him, for the reſt of her Life. As ſoon as ever ſhe was married, no longer able to contain herſelf, ſhe broke out; and the firſt Day did not paſs without a Diſtribution of ill Language and abſurd Abuſe amongſt her

her Maids of Honour. In ſhort, in her moſt condeſcending Moments ſhe was nothing but Bluntneſs and Caprice. The King himſelf was not exempt from her Impertinence, but as he was a good kind of Man, and beſides very much in Love, he bore all with Chriſtian Patience.

A few Days after their Marriage, they ſet out towards their Kingdom, and *Mutine* was regretted by none in her Father's Dominions. The Hoſpitable Reception which *Prudent* conſtantly gave to Strangers from all Parts, had no other Motive than the Hopes that his Daughter might inſpire a Paſſion ſtrong enough to overlook the Defects in her Underſtanding and Character: which was the preſent Caſe.

The good Squire had too much Reaſon in his Remonſtrances, and the King perceived it too late. During their Journey, ſhe kept her Attendants in continual Confuſion, and they ſerved her with Deſpair, Grief, and Impatience; but when ſhe arrived in her Huſband's Dominions, her Peeviſhneſs and Miſchievouſneſs were beyond all Sufferance.

In leſs than a Month her Reputation was eſtabliſhed, and with one common Voice, ſhe was looked upon as the worſt Queen in the World.

One Day as ſhe was riding in a Wood near the Palace, ſhe perceived an old Woman on foot, ſimply clad. The good Woman after having made a profound Reverence, walked on; but the Queen, who only wanted an Occaſion to keep her ill Humour in Exerciſe, ſent one of her Pages after her, with Orders to bring her back. As ſoon as ſhe came before her, ſhe ſaid, *You are very impertinent to paſs me, without bowing down to the Ground. Do you know I am the Queen? I have a good mind to chaſtiſe you for it. Madam*, ſaid the old Woman, *I never knew what was the Meaſure of a Reverence; it is enough, I hope, that I did not fail making one. What*, replied the Queen, *dare you anſwer? Let her be tied immediately to my Horſe's Tail; I'll drag her to ſome Dancing Maſter who ſhall teach her Manners.* The Order was executed, and all the Time they were tying her ſhe cried bitterly; it was in vain ſhe urged the Protection of the Fairies,

Fairies, the Queen made no Account of that, or any other Argument: *Don't tell me*, ſaid the Queen, *if you yourſelf were a Fairy, I would act as I do.* The old Woman let herſelf patiently be tied to the Horſe's Tail; but the Queen going to ſpur him on, he became immoveable: It was in vain that ſhe redoubled her Blows, he was become a Horſe of Braſs. The Cords that were faſtened to the old Woman, in a Moment changed to Garlands of Flowers, and ſhe on a ſudden appeared to be above eight Feet high. Then looking at the Queen with Eyes full of Anger and Diſdain, ſhe ſaid, "Vile Woman! unworthy of the Name "of Queen; I was reſolved to judge my "ſelf whether you deſerved the Repu- "tation you have got in the World: I am "now convinced; you ſhall ſee whether "the Fairies are to be dreaded or no." Immediately the Fairy *Peaceable* (for it was ſhe) whiſtled with her Fingers, and there arrived a Chariot drawn by ſix Oſtriches, in which ſat the Fairy *Grave*, more grave ſtill than her Name. She was at that time Preſident of the Council, and directed all the publick Tranſactions of Fairery. Her Retinue was

compoſed of a Dozen other Fairies mounted on Dragons. In Spite of the Aſtoniſhment ſhe muſt have been in, at the Arrival of ſo many Fairies, the Queen loſt nothing of that Haughtineſs and Arrogance, which were ſo natural to her. When this brillant Company had alighted, the Fairy *Peaceable* recounted the Adventure. The Fairy *Grave*, who executed her Commiſſion with great Severity, approved of the Conduct of *Peaceable*; and was of Opinion, that the Queen ſhould be transformed into the ſame Metal as her Horſe; but the Fairy *Peaceable* thought otherwiſe, and from an unparalleled Goodneſs, ſhe ſoftened all the rigorous Suggeſtions which tended to the Puniſhment of the Queen. At length, from her Interceſſion, ſhe was only condemned to become her Slave until ſhe was brought to Bed, (for I forgot to tell you that ſhe was with Child.) By the ſame Decree, it was ordained, that the Child ſhould remain the Fairy's Slave in her Place, and that then ſhe ſhould return to the King her Huſband. They had the Civility to acquaint the King with this: He was obliged to conſent. But if he had not, it would have been juſt the ſame Thing.

After

After this Piece of Juſtice, the Fairies went about their Buſineſs; *Peaceable* only waited for her Equipage, which ſhe had ſent for; it was a ſmall Chariot of Jet, drawn by ſix Bitches as white as Snow, in Harneſſes of green Sattin, embroidered with Gold. With a Stroke of her Wand, the rich Cloaths of the Queen were changed into thoſe of a Slave: She made her mount upon a ſkittiſh Mule, and it was with a heavy Trot, that ſhe kept Pace with the Fairy's Chariot. In about an Hour the Queen arrived at the Houſe of *Peaceable*, as you may imagine, pretty much diſturbed, though her Pride prevented her ſhedding a Tear. The Fairy ſent her to work in the Kitchen, giving her the Name of *Furious*, that of *Mutine* being too delicate for one of her Character. *Furious*, ſaid the Fairy, *I have ſaved your Life, and I have perhaps ſtretched a Point to do it; come, I will not fatigue you too much, on account of the Infant which you bear; which, you know, muſt be my Slave. I will take you out of the Kitchen, and your Employment ſhall be, to ſweep my Apartment, and not to leave a ſingle Flea in my little Bitch* Chriſtine. *Furious*, knowing very well

ſhe had no Appeal, wiſely ſet about acquitting herſelf faithfully of her Commiſſion. In Proceſs of Time, ſhe was happily delivered of a Princeſs, as beautiful as the Day; and as ſoon as her Health would permit her, the Fairy gave her a Lecture upon her paſt Conduct, made her promiſe to behave better for the future, and ſent her home to her Huſband.

From the Lenity and Goodneſs of the Fairy *Peaceable* to this bad Woman, you may judge of her Kindneſs and Attention to the young Princeſs, who was left in her Hands: She became exceſſively fond of her, which made her engage two other Fairies to aſſiſt in endowing her. She was a long Time divided about the Choice of two in whom ſhe could put an entire Confidence; for ſhe was afraid that the Reſentment which they all had to the Mother, would extend itſelf to the Child. At laſt ſhe concluded, that the Fairies *Divertiſſante* and *Eveillée* had more good Humour than the reſt. As ſoon as they had Notice, they immediately arrived in a Berlin, drawn by ſix grey Naggs, with Mains of ſame Colour. *Eveillée* was dreſſed

in

in Parrot's Feathers, and *Divertiſſante* had on the Skin of a Camelion of all manner of Colours. *Peaceable* received them very politely, and in order to engage their Friendſhip, I have been informed that ſhe gave them a very good Supper, and that they drank a chearful Glaſs of Wine. After thoſe Precautions, the Infant was brought to them. It was in a Cradle of Cryſtal, dreſſed in Scarlet and Gold: But her Beauty by far exceeded all her other Ornaments. The little Princeſs ſmiled at the Fairies, and made many little Careſſes, which rendered her ſo agreeable that they reſolved to ſecure her from the Reſentment of their Companions: And they gave her the Name of *Galantine*. Then the Fairy *Peaceable* thus ſpoke: "You know "that the Puniſhments which we inflict "conſiſt commonly in changing Beau- "ty to Uglineſs, Underſtanding to "Weakneſs, and ſometimes in chang- "ing the Species: Now, as we can "each endow but once, let one give this "Child *Beauty*; the other *Underſtand-* "*ing*, and I will give her a Secret to "prevent her ever changing her Form." This Propoſition they thought reaſon-

able, and it was executed on the Spot: After which the two Fairies returned. *Peaceable* took all imaginable Care of the Education of the little Princeſs, and never were Cares more ſucceſsfully employed; for by the Time ſhe was four Years old, her Grace and Beauty began to make a Noiſe in the World: Indeed, it made a little too much, for the Report of this Affair reaching the Council of Fairies, *Peaceable* one Day ſaw the Fairy *Grave* in the Court of her Palace mounted upon a Lion. She wore a very long Robe with many Folds, of a Sky-Blue, and had on her Head a ſquare Cap of Sattin, ſtriped with Gold. *Peaceable* was much diſturbed at ſeeing her, for ſhe knew by her Dreſs and Equipage that ſhe was come to pronounce ſome Sentence. But when ſhe alſo perceived the Fairy *Reveuſe*, mounted on an Unicorn, and that ſhe was dreſſed in *Spaniſh* Leather, lined with changeable Taffety, and alſo in a ſquare Cap, ſhe made no doubt but this Viſit had a very ſerious Motive. Accordingly, the Fairy *Grave*, addreſſing herſelf to *Peaceable*, thus ſpoke: "Your Conduct in regard to *Mutine* "has very much ſurprized me; it is in "the

" the Name of the whole Body of Fairies, " whom ſhe has offended, that I am " come to reproach you. You may " pardon your particular Offences, but " you have not the ſame Right over " thoſe which regard the whole Body; " but you have treated her with too " much Lenity and Goodneſs all the " Time ſhe was with you; therefore I " am come to execute a juſt Decree, in " order to puniſh an innocent Girl for " the Faults of her Mother. You have " taken Care to give her Beauty and " Senſe, alſo to lay an Obſtacle againſt " changing her Form; but though I " cannot take from her thoſe Advan- " tages, yet I know how to prevent her " enjoying them during the Courſe of " her Life. She ſhall never leave the " enchanted Priſon which I ſhall con- " ſtruct for her, *until ſhe has crowned the* " *Deſires of an ardent Lover.* And it is " my Buſineſs to take Care that ſhall " never happen." The Enchantment conſiſted in a lofty Tower, built of Shells of all manner of Colours, in the Midſt of the Sea. In the lower Part was a great bathing Hall, which let in Water at Pleaſure, ſurrounded with Steps. The firſt Story compoſed the Apartment of

of the Princeſs, which was really moſt magnificent. The ſecond was divided into ſeveral Pieces; in one was a fine Library; in another, a Wardrobe full of the fineſt Linen, and Habits for all Ages, more magnificent one than the other; another Piece was devoted to Muſick; another was filled with Wines, and all manner of Liquors; and another (which was the largeſt of all) afforded all manner of Sweetmeats, both wet and dry, Sugar-plumbs, and all Sorts of Paſtry, which by the Force of Enchantment, remained always as hot as if they had juſt come out of the Oven. At the Top of the Tower was a Platform, on which was a Parterre, where a Succeſſion of Flowers grew without ceaſing: In this Garden were all Kinds of Fruit-Trees, from which, whenever you plucked one, another immediately ſupplies its Place: It was alſo adorned by Cabinets of Verdure, which the Shade, the odoriferous Shrubs, and the ſinging of Birds, rendered moſt delightful. As ſoon as the Fairies had left *Galantine*, together with a Governante called *Bonnette*, in this Tower, they remounted their Whale, and withdrawing to a certain Diſtance from the Edifice, the Fairy *Grave* with a Stroke

a Stroke of her Wand, got together two thouſand Sharks, the moſt vicious in the Sea, ordering them to keep a ſtrict Watch, and to tear in Pieces any Man whatever, who dared approach the Tower; but as they could not have any Effect on Ships, ſhe alſo procured as many Remora, whom ſhe ordered to keep the advanced Guard, and to ſtop indifferently all Veſſels, which either Chance or Deſign ſhould bring that Way. The Fairy *Grave* was ſo fatigued with doing ſo much in ſo ſhort a Time, that ſhe begged of *Reveuſe* to fly above the Tower, and to enchant the Air with ſo much Exactneſs, that not a ſingle Bird ſhould be able to get through it. The Fairy obeyed; but as ſhe was infinitely reflective and abſent, ſhe was confuſed in her Ceremonies, and committed many Faults: if the Enchantment by Water had been as irregular, *Galantine* would have been but poorly guarded.

The good Governante took Care to educate the Princeſs; and although ſhe concluded that ſhe would never have an Opportunity to exhibit her Talents, ſhe

ſhe did not, however, neglect giving her ſuch Leſſons as formed and adorned her Mind with all imaginable Accompliſhments. When the Princeſs had attained to her twelfth Year, ſhe was a perfect Prodigy. The great Qualities which the Governante continually diſcovered in the Princeſs, afflicted her, from a Reflection on the unhappy Deſtiny of ſo amiable a Perſon. *Galantine*, who knew nothing of her own Hiſtory, ſeeing her more melancholy than ordinary, aſked her the Reaſon of it, in ſo preſſing a Manner, that *Bonnette* recounted to her all that had paſſed from the Marriage of the Queen her Mother.

*Galantine* was thunder-ſtruck with this Relation. "I never made any Re-"flections (ſaid ſhe) on my Condition, "but I thought that one Time or other "I ſhould leave this Solitude: if I am "to paſs my whole Life in this Deſart, "I might as well be dead." Then, after ſome Moments Silence, ſhe proceeded: "You ſay, my dear *Bonnette*, that "the Enchantment to which I am ſub-"ject, cannot terminate, but by my

"loving

" loving, and giving Proofs of it: what, " are thoſe Things ſo very difficult? " I don't know what they are, but I am " ſure there is nothing I would not do " in order to quit this Place." *Bonnette* could not help laughing at the Simplicity of *Galantine*; ſhe anſwered, " In " order to love, and to give Proofs of " it, of Neceſſity ſome young Prince " muſt enter here, who muſt love you, " and whom you muſt love with Deſign " to make him your Huſband, other- " wiſe thoſe Things can never happen. " You ſee yourſelf the Impoſſibility of " any Man's coming here, as I have ac- " quainted you with all the Precautions " which have been taken, both in the " Sea and in the Air; you muſt there- " fore, my dear *Galantine*, reſolve to " paſs your whole Life here."

This Converſation had a great Effect upon the Mind of the Princeſs; thoſe things which before amuſed her, no longer had any Charms. Her Grief was ſo exceſſive that ſhe paſſed whole Days in crying and thinking of the Means to make her Eſcape.

One

One Day when the Princeſs was in her Balcony, ſhe ſaw in the Water an extraordinary Figure; ſhe immediately called *Bonnette* to look at it; it was a Kind of Man, of a bluiſh Complexion, with green Hair (not very much frizzled:) He advanced near the Tower, and the Sharks made no Reſiſtance. "I believe (ſaid "the Governante) it is a *Man of the* "*Sea.*" "A Man, do you ſay?" (cried *Galantine*) "Come, let us deſcend to "the Gate of the Tower, and get a "nearer View of him." As ſoon as they were arrived there, the Man ſtopped to look at the Princeſs, and made her many Signs of Admiration. He ſaid many Things to her with a hoarſe Voice, but finding that ſhe did not underſtand his Language, he had Recourſe to Signs. He held in his Hand a little Baſket of Ruſhes, full of the moſt extraordinary Shells, which he preſented to the Princeſs; ſhe accepted of it, and by Signs thanked him; but Night approaching ſhe retired, and he plunged into the Sea.

As ſoon as *Galantine* got into her Apartment, ſhe ſaid to her Governante with Chagrin: "This is a frightful Man; "why did the Sharks which guard us, "ſuffer a Man ſo very ugly to ap- "proach? Sure they are not all ſuch as "he! They have ſome Reſemblance "(anſwer'd *Bonnette*) but as to the "Sharks, as they inhabit the ſame Ele- "ment, it ſeems they don't choſe to "hurt one another: And perhaps he "may be a Relation of theirs."

Some Days after this Adventure, *Bonnette* and *Galantine* were drawn to one of the Windows of the Tower by a Kind of Muſick, which ſeemed very extraordinary; it ſeems it was the Man of the Sea, who, up to his middle in Water, and his Head covered with Roſes, blowed with all his Force thro' a Kind of Shell. The Princeſs came down to the Gate of the Tower, and received with Politeneſs the Coral and other Curioſities, which he preſented her with. After this ſecond Viſit he came every Day under the Windows to plunge, make Grimaces, or to play on his muſical Inſtrument. *Galantine* made him many

Bows

Bows from the Balcony, but all his Entreaties could not prevail on her to deſcend any more. Some Days after, the Princeſs ſaw him arrive with another Perſon of his Species, but of a different Sex; her Head was dreſſed with Taſte, and ſhe ſang with a moſt charming Voice. This Encreaſe of Company engaged *Galantine* and *Bonnette* to deſcend to the Gate. They were ſurprized to find that the Woman, after trying ſeveral Languages, ſpoke that which was natural to them, and made *Galantine* a Compliment on her Beauty. Perceiving that the Bathing Hall was open and full of Water ſhe ſaid, "This is a "Place quite calculated to receive us in: "For it is not poſſible for us to live en- "tirely out of our Element." She then placed herſelf there, and her Brother by her Side (for ſhe was Siſter to the Man.) The Princeſs and her Governante ſat upon the Steps which were round the Bath. "I believe, Madam, ſaid the "Syren, that you have left your Abode "on Shore, to eſcape the Perſecution of "a Croud of Lovers. If that be your "Intention, it is not anſwered, for my "Brother dies for Love of you; and "were the Inhabitants of our great City

"once

" once to ſee you, he would have num-
" berleſs Rivals." The Brother gueſſing that ſhe ſpoke of him, ſhewed his Approbation by Signs and Geſtures, which he continued even after ſhe had done. The Syren expreſſed to her the Grief of her Brother, that he could not make himſelf underſtood; " I ſerve
" him as an Interpreter, (ſays ſhe) ha-
" ving been taught the Languages by a
" Fairy." " What, have you Fairies
" then amongſt you? (ſaid *Galantine.*) She accompanied this Queſtion with a great Sigh. " Yes, Madam, we have,
" (anſwered the Syren). But if I miſ-
" take not, you have received ſome ill
" Treatment from thoſe who inhabit the
" Earth; at leaſt that Sigh which has
" juſt eſcaped you, gives me Reaſon
" to think ſo." The Princeſs not having been enjoined Secrecy, as to her Adventures, made no Scruple of recounting all that *Bonnette* had told her. " You have Reaſon to complain,
" (ſaid the Syren, when ſhe had done:)
" however, your Misfortunes are not
" without a Remedy, but at preſent it is
" time to finiſh my firſt Viſit." The Princeſs, charmed with the Hopes ſhe had given her, made her many Proteſtations

of

of Friendſhip, and they parted, promiſing to ſee one another often.

The Princeſs was delighted with this Adventure; for beſides the Hopes with which ſhe had been flattered, it was a charming Thing to have a Perſon to converſe with. "We will make an "Acquaintance (ſaid ſhe) with many of "thoſe Sea People; they are not all "perhaps ſo ugly as this Man whom "we have ſeen; and we ſhall not be "eternally condemned to this profound "Solitude. My God! (anſwer'd *Bon-*"*nette*) how eaſily do young Perſons "flatter themſelves! for my Part I "much dread thoſe People. But what "do you think (added ſhe) of the Lo-"ver you have made a Conqueſt of? "That I never can love him (anſwer'd "ſhe) for he diſpleaſes me infinitely; "but for all that, I will ſee if by Means "of his Friend the Fairy he can do me "any Service. I repeat to you again "(ſaid *Bonnette*) I don't like thoſe odd "coloured Viſages and thoſe great "Tails." But *Galantine* being younger, was conſequently more bold and leſs prudent. The Syren often viſited her, and always ſpoke of the Love of her Brother;

and the Princeſs, occupied with the thoughts of her Priſon, always entertained the Syren on that Subject; who at laſt promiſed one Day to bring the Fairy *Marine*, and aſſured her that ſhe would inſtruct her in what ſhe had to do. This Fairy came the next Day, and the Princeſs received her as her Deliverer. Soon after her Arrival, ſhe propoſed to *Galantine*, to ſee the inſide of the Tower, and to take a Turn together in the Parterre; for (with the help of two Shells) ſhe could walk; as a Fairy, ſhe could remain out of the Water as long as ſhe had a Mind; only ſhe was obliged now and then to wet her Forehead; and ſhe carried for that Purpoſe, always by her Side, a little Silver Fountain. *Galantine* accepted the Propoſition of the Fairy, and *Bonnette* ſtaid below to entertain the reſt of the Company. When they were in the Garden, "Let us loſe no "Time (ſaid ſhe to the Princeſs) we'll ſee "what we can do for you." *Galantine* then gave her an exact Account of her Hiſtory: then the Fairy thus addreſſed her: "My dear Princeſs, I can do "nothing for you on Shore, my Power "is limited to this Element; but you "may depend upon all the Aſſiſtance I "can

" can give you, if you will accept of " *Gluantin* for your Spouſe, an Honour " which he ardently deſires. You may " live with us: I will in a Moment " teach you to plunge and to ſwim as " well as we do; I will prepare your " Skin (without altering the Whiteneſs " of it) in ſuch a manner, that the Wa- " ter, ſo far from incommoding you, " will give you great Pleaſure: my " Couſin is a Perſon of great Conſide- " ration in the Sea, and I will give him " ſuch Advantages in favour of your Al- " liance, that nothing ſhall equal the " Happineſs you will enjoy." The Fairy ſpoke in ſo preſſing a Manner, that the Princeſs was in Suſpenſe, and deſired ſome Days to reflect upon what ſhe had ſaid. As they were going to return to the Company, they perceived a Ship. The Princeſs had never ſeen one ſo diſtinctly before, as none had ever ventured ſo near the Tower. They eaſily diſtinguiſhed, upon the Deck, a young Man, ſitting under a magnificent Pavillion, who ſeemed very attentively to be looking at the Tower, thro' a Teleſcope; but the Veſſel drawing off again, they could make no farther Diſcovery, and *Galantine* and the Fairy returned to the

the Company; the latter, much pleaſed with her Negociation, aſſured the Princeſs at parting, that ſhe would ſoon make her a Viſit to know her Reſolution.

As ſoon as the Fairy was gone, *Galantine* told her Governante every thing that had paſſed. She was very much concerned at the part her Pupil was going to act; and was in a great fright leſt ſhe ſhould be obliged in her old Days to become a Syren. To remedy ſo great an Inconvenience, this was her Contrivance. As ſhe painted perfectly well in Miniature, ſhe drew againſt next Day, a Portrait repreſenting a young Man, with fine flaxen Hair hanging in large Curls; whoſe lively Eyes and beautiful Complexion formed the Features of a moſt charming Figure; and you will ſee by the Sequel, that a Power ſupernatural muſt have aided a Work which ſhe had only undertaken in the View of letting *Galantine* ſee the Difference between other Men and her Sea Lover; and to diſſuade her from a Marriage not at all agreeable to her own Convenience. When ſhe preſented her Work to the Princeſs, ſhe was ſtruck with Admiration, and aſked her if it was poſſible, that there was a

Man in the World who reſembled that Picture? *Bonnette* aſſured her that nothing was more common, and that there were even ſome, much more beautiful. " I can hardly believe it, (anſwer'd *Ga-*" *lantine)* but, alas! neither this, nor " any other can ever be mine; they can " never ſee me, nor I them; how unhap-" py am I!" However, *Galantine* ſpent the whole Day in examining the Picture, and it had the deſired Effect; for it ruined the Affairs of *Gluantin*, which were before in a tolerable Way: But the Governante repented that ſhe had made it ſo beautiful, as the Princeſs was ſo taken up in the Admiration of it, that ſhe could neither eat nor drink. If ever there was a Probability of a Perſon's being in Love with a Picture, it was moſt certainly in this Circumſtance of our Hiſtory.

A few Days after, the Fairy *Marine* returned to know *Galantine*'s Reſolutions; but this young Perſon, occupied entirely with her new Paſſion (for ſhe was really enamoured) loſt all Prudence. She broke openly with the Fairy, and diſcovered indiſcreetly ſo much Diſtaſte and Averſion to *Gluantin*, that

the Fairy *Marine*, enraged at her Refuſal, quitted the Princeſs with a Reſolution to be revenged. But the Princeſs had made a Conqueſt which ſhe did think of. The Veſſel which had been ſo near her Habitation had on Board an accompliſh'd Prince: having heard of the enchanted Tower, he had a mind to examine it, and for that Purpoſe had procured the beſt Teleſcopes, by the Help of which he diſcovered the Princeſs, and (as a Proof of the Goodneſs of the Glaſſes) he fell moſt violently in Love with her. As a young Man and a Lover (equally prone to riſque every Thing) he was for coming to an Anchor, getting the Boat out, and preſenting himſelf to all the Danger which the Enchantment might make him liable to; but all his Attendants throwing themſelves at his Feet, prevented him. His Squire, being more frightened or having more Experience, was particularly eloquent on the Occaſion. "You lead us all to "inevitable Death, (ſaid he,) dear Sir, "be pleaſed to make for the Shore, "I give you my Word, I will then find "out the Fairy *Commode*, who is a "Relation of mine, and has always "loved me: I will anſwer both for her

" Zeal and Capacity, and I am certain " ſhe will be of Service to you." The Prince yielded with ſome Difficulty to ſuch good Reaſons. He diſembarked then on the neareſt Shore, and made his Squire inſtantly depart in ſearch of the Fairy, to implore her Protection and Aſſiſtance. For himſelf, he erected a Tent upon the Coaſt from whence he continually viewed either the Princeſs or her Priſon, and his active Imagination retraced in his Mind many Images which had no Reality elſewhere. In a few Days the Squire returned with the Fairy *Commode*; the Prince made her many Compliments and Careſſes, and the Squire having informed her of every thing, by the Way, ſhe thus addreſſed the Prince, " I am going (ſaid ſhe) that we " may loſe no time, to ſend a White " Pigeon on which I can depend, to " ſound the Enchantment; if he finds a " weak Place, he will enter the Parterre " and Garden, on the Top of the Tower: " I have order'd him to bring us ſome " Flowers, as a Proof that he has been " there. If he can get Acceſs, I'll find " a Way to introduce you. But (ſaid " the Prince) can't I, by the Pigeon, " write a Line or two to the Princeſs, to

" let

" let her know the Paſſion ſhe has in-
" ſpired? You may, ſaid *Commode*, and
" I even would adviſe you to it: The
" Prince immediately wrote the follow-
" ing Letter.

*Prince* Blondin *to* Galantine.

*I Adore you, and am inſtructed concerning your Deſtiny; if you will receive, beautiful Princeſs, the Homage of a faithful Heart, there is nothing I will not undertake to render myſelf the happieſt of Mortals, by putting an End to your Misfortunes.*

BLONDIN.

This Billet they tied to the Neck of the Pigeon, who having only waited for his Diſpatches, flew off with a very good Grace: But when he approached the Tower, an impetuous Wind oppoſed him with great Violence; however, he was not diſmayed, but making a Tour all round, he at laſt found the Place where the Fairy *Reveuſe* had been a little remiſs: And getting in there, he flew directly to the Parterre to reſt himſelf, and wait for the Princeſs. She commonly walked alone; by Choice,

becauſe ſhe was in Love; and by Neceſſity, becauſe the Governante could not eaſily get up. As ſoon as ſhe appeared, the Pigeon came to her in the prettieſt Manner imaginable. *Galantine* careſſed him, and perceiving a Roſe-coloured Ribbon about his Neck, ſhe began to examine it: How great was her Surprize at ſeeing the Billet! ſhe read it; and this was her Anſwer.

Galantine *to Prince* Blondin.

*YOU have ſeen me, and love me, you ſay; I neither love you, nor can I promiſe to love, unleſs I had ſeen you. Send me your Picture by the ſame Courier; If I ſend it back, hope no further; but if I keep it, in working for me, you work for yourſelf.*

GALANTINE.

She tied this Letter to the Pigeon, and diſmiſſed him; he did not forget that he was ordered to bring a Flower out of the Parterre, but knowing the Conſequence of every Trifle to the Vivacity of a Lover, he ſtole one out of the Princeſs's Breaſt, and flew away. The Return of the Bird gave the Prince ſuch

ſuch unſpeakable Joy, that had it not been for an Allay of Impatience, it would have turned his Head. He was for ſending the Pigeon back that Inſtant with his Portrait, which by great Accident he had about him; but the Fairy inſiſted on her Courier's taking an Hour's Repoſe, which the Prince employed in making the following Verſes.

*How does my new touch'd Heart your*
*Charms confeſs!*
*How do I long it's Ardour to expreſs!*
*O Love, to fill my Soul with Joy, in-*
*ſpire*
*The lovely Maid to feel thy recent Fire.*
*Fearleſs I'll brave ſtern Magick's threat-*
*ning Hand:*
*For what can Love and Conſtancy with-*
*ſtand?*

The Pigeon poſted away with the Verſes and the Picture; the Princeſs, tho' ſhe was not certain of his Return, waited in the Garden without communicating any part of this Adventure to the Governante, for now ſhe began to wear that myſterious Reſerve which a young Paſſion always inſpires. She took, with Impatience, the Picture which

the Pigeon brought, but how great was her Surprize, when on opening the Box, ſhe found the Picture of Prince *Blondin* reſembled exactly that which *Bonnette* had drawn, by one of thoſe fated Accidents which cannot be accounted for. The Joy of *Galantine* was extreme at this agreeable Diſcovery, and to expreſs in a gallant Manner what ſhe felt, ſhe took the Portrait out of the Box, and putting in its Place that which *Bonnette* had painted, diſpatched the Pigeon, who began to be tired with his Commiſſion of ſerving two Lovers, whoſe Commerce began to promiſe ſo much Vivacity. Prince *Blondin* had his Eyes always fixed on the Tower, in Expectation of the Return of his Courier. At laſt he ſaw him coming, but what became of him when he perceived the Box ſtill faſtened to his Neck? he had like to die with Grief. The Fairy, who had not left him, comforted him as well as ſhe could: ſhe took the Box herſelf, for he would not touch it, and opening it, ſhewed him how much he had been to blame to afflict himſelf. In a Moment here was a Tranſition from the greateſt Grief to the Extremity of Joy. "Let us loſe no Time, (ſaid *Commode*)

"I can

" I can no other way make you happy " but by changing you into a Bird; I " will again reſtore to you your origi- " nal Form, at a proper Time." The Prince without Heſitation ſubmitted to any Thing that would gain him Admittance to his adorable Miſtreſs, and the Fairy touching him with her Wand, he became in an Inſtant the prettieſt *Colibri* * in the World, which join'd to the Beauty peculiar to that Bird, had alſo the Faculty of ſpeaking in the prettieſt Manner imaginable. The Pigeon was ordered to conduct him: *Galantine* was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a Bird which ſhe did not know, but perceiving the Pigeon with him her Heart began to beat; and the *Colibri* flying to her, ſaid, *A good Day, fair Princeſs.* She never had heard a Bird ſpeak before; the Novelty redoubled the Pleaſure with which ſhe received him: She took him on her Finger, and he ſaid to her: *Kiſs, kiſs the* Colibri; ſhe conſented with Joy, and gave him many Careſſes. I'll leave you to judge how pleaſant this was to the Prince, tho' at

* A Bird in ſome of the *American* Iſles, infinitely ſmall, beautifully Feather'd and Coloured, it's Bill black as Ebony, and it's Eyes ſparkling like Diamonds.

the ſame time he was diſturbed at his being nothing but a *Colibri:* For Lovers are the only People in the World who deal in Contrarieties. When the Princeſs had walked about, a long Time, with her new Companion, ſhe went into a Cabinet of Verdure, and laid herſelf down to take ſome Repoſe upon a Bed of Roſes without Briar; ſhe was at that Time in a moſt amiable Diſhabile; every Thing which had happen'd, the Senſations with which ſhe had been taken up all Day, left her not Time even to think that there was ſuch a Thing as a Toilet in the World. The Heat of the Day had obliged her to expoſe thoſe Beauties which being alone ſhe had no Thought of concealing. She placed the *Colibri* on her Breaſt, and had begun to enjoy the Charms of a gentle Slumber, when *Commode* found Means to awaken her by reſtoring the Prince to his natural Form: This was executed ſo ſuddenly, that opening her Eyes, ſhe found herſelf in the Arms of an ardent Lover.

Her Aſtoniſhment, the Agitation ſhe was in, and the Ignorance in which ſhe had lived, were not able to defend her againſt the Ardour of a moſt tender

Lover,

Lover. Thus the Enchantment was deſtroyed. In a Moment the Tower trembled and began to crack in ſeveral Places. *Bonnette*, who was in the lower Apartment, was alarmed and mounted upon the Terrace, in order to periſh near her Miſtreſs. The violent Shakes with which the Tower was agitated, redoubled every Inſtant; but when ſhe arrived at the Top and ſaw that it began to give way, and was juſt ready to fall into the Sea, ſhe fainted away, at the Time when the Fairies *Peaceable* and *Commode* arrived in a Chariot of *Venice* Glaſs, drawn by ſix Eagles. "Save yourſelves quickly, (ſaid they to "the two Lovers) the Tower is falling, "and you will periſh." They immediately got into the Fairy's Chariot, without giving themſelves Time to ſtand upon Ceremony. The Prince, however, had the Preſence of Mind to take up the Governante and to throw her into the Bottom of the Chariot. They had ſcarce mounted in the Air when the Tower tumbled with a frightful Noiſe: For the Fairy *Marine*, *Gluantin*, and his Friends, to revenge themſelves on the Princeſs, had ſap'd the Foundations of it. The firſt, ſeeing that the Fairies oppoſed her Deſigns, was reſolved to try by open Force to get *Gallantine* into her Poſſeſſion.

She formed all at once of Exhalations, a large Carriage, in which ſhe placed herſelf and all her Family, ſtocking it with Oyſter Shells, Rocks, Stones, and other Things of that Kind. With this Carriage ſhe cauſed a great Wind to drive her towards the Shore, in order to intercept the Glaſs Chariot. She alſo order'd all the Sea-Gulls and Birds of that Species for above ten Leagues round, to fill the Air and oppoſe the Paſſage of the Fairies; which was executed with a moſt inſupportable quaking. The two Lovers thought themſelves loſt. They were for making Reſiſtance, but the Fairy did not judge it convenient. *Commode* drew from under the Seat of the Chariot a great Quantity of Squibs and Crackers which ſhe had brought, perhaps with Deſign to make a little Piece of Firework. At preſent ſhe made a good Uſe of them; for throwing a great many amongſt her volatile Antagoniſts, ſhe ſoon diſperſed them. Then the Enemy made their laſt Effort. They did not doubt but with the Stones and Oyſter Shells they would preſently demoliſh the Glaſs Chariot. The Project, it is to be preſumed, would moſt certainly have taken Effect, if the Fairy *Peaceable* had not drawn from her Pocket a large

Burning

Burning-Glaſs which ſhe always carried about her. I muſt ſpeak the Truth; I could never learn with what Deſign ſhe had provided that Utenſil. She fixed this Glaſs in ſuch a Manner, that it very much heated the Enemy, to their great Trouble and Aſtoniſhment. They ſcreamed moſt frightfully, and the Exhalations being preſently conſumed, the Fairy *Marine*, and her whole Family, were precipitated pell-mell into the Sea. Our Fairies, victorious, continued their Journey towards the Dominions of Queen *Mutine*. They found that ſhe no longer lived; partly from the Fear of Puniſhment, and partly from Reaſon ſhe had curbed the Violence of her Diſpoſition; in order to which ſhe had ſwallowed ſo much Miſchievouſneſs, and was thereby ſo prodigiouſly conſtrained, that after having many Fits of Sickneſs, ſhe at laſt died. The good King ſoon experienced the Sweets of Widowhood, and although he had no other Children but that one Daughter, whom he had no Hopes of ever ſeeing, nothing in the World could engage him to marry again. He governed his Subjects peaceably; and King *Prudent*, the Grand-Father of *Galantine*, had juſt made him a Viſit in order to paſs

paſs ſome Days in his Court, when the Fairies arrived: How great was the Joy of thoſe good Princes! and indeed of the whole Court, at the Sight of a charming Princeſs, the Daughter of their King! It was ordained that the Nuptials ſhould be celebrated the next Day. Couriers were diſpatched to all Parts to invite the Fairies to honour them with their Preſence: And amongſt the reſt, you may be ſure, they did not forget the Fairy *Grave*. They arrived from all Parts. The Feaſts, the Balls, and Tournaments continued a long Time. They gave the Fairy *Reveuſe* many Thanks for leaving her Work imperfect; and ſhe excuſed herſelf by ſaying, that the Ingenuity of Lovers would always baffle the exacteſt Enchantments.

I forgot to tell you, that the Governante recovered from her Swoon upon her Arrival at the Palace. In ſhort, every Body was content; and the Fairies having ſtaid a few Days to partake in the general Felicity, went about their Buſineſs, or rather about their Pleaſure. Our Lovers continued to love one another, and were the happieſt Princes of the Age in which they lived.

THE

# THE Princeſs MINUTIE AND King FLORIDOR.

## TALE XIII.

THERE was once upon a Time a King and a Queen, who died very young, and left a very fine Kingdom to a Princeſs, their only Daughter, who was at that Time but thirteen Years old. She imagined, ſhe knew very well how to reign, and indeed her good Subjects, without knowing why or wherefore, perſuaded her as much. It is, however

ever, a Profeſſion which is not without it's Difficulty.

The King and Queen had at leaſt the Conſolation of leaving their Daughter under the Protection of a Fairy, one of their very good Friends, called *Mirdandenne*. She was a very good Woman, but ſhe had one great Fault, that was Prepoſſeſſion; and when ſhe took a Thing in her Head, it was not eaſily put out of it. As for the little Queen, ſhe was ſo very little that they called her *Minutie*.

Thus was this Kingdom governed by Prepoſſeſſion and Whim. The Princeſs could never be broke of her Fondneſs for Trifles; it was for her that all thoſe Trinckets and Nicknacks were invented with which the preſent Age abounds. This Princeſs ſignalized the Grandeur of her Ideas by one Circumſtance, which I chooſe amongſt a Thouſand. She turned out the General of all her Forces, and baniſhed from her Court a Man renowned for the many Services he had done the State. And why? Becauſe he came to her in a Silver-laced Hat at the ſame Time that he wore a Coat trimmed with Gold. She judged that a Man capable

capable of ſo palpable a Negligence, would alſo be capable of letting himſelf be ſurprized by the Enemy. The great Diſcernment ſhe flattered herſelf ſhe had ſhewn on this Occaſion, and the Solidity which the Fairy found in all her little Ideas, would have turned a wiſer Head than hers.

Near to this great Country was a little Kingdom: Indeed, ſo very little, that I don't know to what I can compare it. The Queen Mother had a long Time governed in the Name of Prince *Floridor*; but at length ſhe died. *Floridor* was very ſenſible of this Loſs, and always preſerved a grateful Remembrance of the Obligations he had to her. One of the greateſt was an excellent Education, which had rendered his Body ſtrong and active; his Mind agreeable and ſolid. This Prince was handſome and well made. He governed with Wiſdom and Moderation, without abuſing deſpotick Authority. His Deſires were reaſonable: In one Word, he would have made an amiable Subject. His People adored him, and the Strangers who came to his Court, allowed that he would have made happy the greateſt of Empires.

Empires. But they were ignorant that he was in Debt for many of thoſe Advantages to the Counſels of a charming little *Ant*. She had been attached to him from his Infancy. Upon the Death of the Queen, this good *Ant* had been his only Conſolation. He took no Step without having firſt conſulted her in a Wood annexed to the Gardens of the Palace, where ſhe reſided; and he often abandoned the Pleaſures of a Court to ſeek her Converſation. No Seaſon prevented her appearing; in the moſt rigorous Part of Winter, ſhe always came out of her Neſt to him, and gave him Counſels full of Prudence and Wiſdom. You may eaſily conceive that this pretty *Ant* was no other than a Fairy; her Hiſtory commenced many thouſand Years ago, and you will find it written in the four hundred and ſixtieth Page of the Annals of the Year of the World, Twenty two thouſand. It would have been an eaſy Matter for the *Ant* to have given two or three Kingdoms to a King whom ſhe loved (the Fairies diſpoſed of them at their Pleaſure:) but the *Ant* was prudent, and Prudence always leads to Juſtice. It was not but ſhe ardently wiſhed the Advancement of *Floridor*, but

but ſhe had a Mind that he ſhould, in order to obtain it, employ ſuch Means as might ſatisfy that Thirſt of Glory which ſhe had imprinted in his Heart. The Ants are generally patient; ſhe waited for a proper Opportunity to bring into the World the Virtues of her Pupil. The Conduct of *Minutie*, and the Poſſeſſion of *Mirdandenne*, ſeemed to furniſh her with the Means. She had been informed that a Rebellion had juſt broke out in that Kingdom. As ſoon as the News was confirmed by the Gazettes, the good Fairy had a Mind that *Floridor* ſhould depart with only a ſingle Squire, in order to aſſiſt the Queen his Neighbour. She ſatisfied him as to the Management of his Affairs in his Abſence, promiſing that ſhe would not abandon his Subjects. She gave him, when he ſet out, only a tame Sparrow, a little Knife, and a Wall-nut. "The "Preſents which I make you (ſaid ſhe) "ſeem inconſiderable; but be ſatisfied "that you will find them of ſufficient "Uſe to you upon Occaſion." He promiſed her that Confidence which ſhe very well deſerved from him, and bidding her Adieu in the tendereſt Manner, he ſet out, as much regreted by his Subjects

jects as if he had been the Brother, the Son, or the Friend of every Individual.

He arrived at the Capital of the Dominions of *Minutie*, and found every thing in Diſorder; a neighbouring King being upon the March towards them, with a moſt formidable Army, with the Deſign of poſſeſſing himſelf of her and her Kingdom. *Floridor* was informed, that *Minutie* was retired to a delightful Country-ſeat near her Capital, where all manner of Baubles vied with each other. She had no other Motive for this Retreat, but to meditate ſeriouſly and without Interruption, whether the Troops which the Fairy had ordered to be raiſed to oppoſe the Uſurper, ſhould wear blue or red Cockades. *Floridor* having aſked his way to this Houſe, made what Haſte he could thither. His beautiful Figure prepoſſeſſed *Mirdandenne* in his Favour: And the Compliment he made the Queen and her, with Offers of Aſſiſtance, fixed their good Opinion of him; eſpecially as they were in a troubleſome Situation, and ſtood in Need of ſuch a Succour. *Floridor* thought *Minutie* charming, and from

from that Hour he became furiouſly enamoured. That Zeal and Vivacity which are always inſeparable from Love, diſcovered themſelves in his Words and Actions, as they ſparkled in his Eyes; and it was with great Care and Satisfaction he intereſted himſelf in their Affairs. The blind Prepoſſeſſion of *Mirdandenne* had engaged her long ago to give her Wand to *Minutie* in order to divert her, and this Princeſs had made ſuch a Uſe of it that it had loſt all Force or Virtue, in regard to any thing ſerious. *Floridor* left them and went to the Capital, where he found neither Fortifications nor Proviſions.

The Uſurper drew near. *Floridor* ſaw in the Perſon of this King, both a Rival and an Enemy, and finding no Reſource, he was obliged to adviſe the Queen to fly, offering her Protection in his Dominions. Prudence, at that Time, hinted an Advice which his Courage diſapproved; he acted thus, in order to ſave an unhappy Princeſs, but not without promiſing to return and expoſe himſelf to all Dangers, and uſe all Efforts to protect her Throne, as ſoon as ever her Perſon was ſecured in his little Kingdom.

dom. *Mirdandenne*, convinced by his Reaſons, accepted the Propoſition, but the Queen would not conſent, until they promiſed her that the Horſe ſhe rode ſhould have a roſe-coloured Harneſs, and that *Floridor* ſhould make her a Preſent of the Sparrow which the Fairy had given him. The Bird was immediately preſented to her; but although there was no Time to be loſt, they were forced to wait while they ſent to Town for a Harneſs, ſuch as the Queen deſired: At laſt it came, and *Floridor*, *Minutie*, and *Mirdandenne* took the Road leading to the King's Dominions. *Floridor* was charmed with the Behaviour of *Minutie* to him, and at having it in his Power to be of uſe to her. Lovers and Travellers have always Matter enough for Converſation: *Floridor* in giving her to underſtand the ſmall Extent of his Kingdom (at which he bluſhed a little) could not conceal the Obligations he had to the good *Ant*, and coming to the Detail of his Departure, the Wall-nut, the little Knife, and the Sparrow, the Queen was much ſurprized. She had a Mind to ſee the Wall-nut, and the King gave it to her: As ſoon as ſhe had it in her Hand; *Good God! what's this I hear?* cried ſhe. She

put

put it close to her Ear, and listening very attentively, she cried out with Surprize mixt with Curiosity, *I protest I hear (quite distinctly) the Shouts of Men, the Neighing of Horses, and the Sound of Trumpets. O! this is the prettiest Thing in the World.* While the Prince was occupied in admiring a thing so amusing to her whom he loved, he perceived a Party of the Rebels ready to fall on them, and to intercept their Passage: In this Extremity, by a mechanical Motion he broke the Nut, and immediately there came out of it Thirty thousand effective Men, Cavalry, Infantry, and Dragoons, with all necessary Artillery and Ammunition. He put himself at their Head, and making a Stand against the Enemy, he retreated in very good Order, and gained the Mountains; by that Means, saving the Queen from the Hands of the Rebels. After this, fatigued, and alarmed at the Danger the Queen had been in, he reposed some Days on a large Mountain: But by this Time the whole Country was up in Arms, and he perceived another Army, more numerous than that which he had withstood, which he could not without Rashness resolve to attack. In this cruel Situation,

Situation, the Queen, on ſome triffling Account or other, demanded his little Knife; but finding that it did not cut to her Mind, ſhe threw it from her with ſome Impatience: as ſoon as it touched the Ground, it made a deep Pit. The King obſerving the Virtue of his Knife, made with it a deep Entrenchment all round the Mountain, which rendered it impregnable. When this was done (which only took up as much Time as ſerved him to walk round it) the Sparrow which he had given to *Minutie*, taking Flight, reſted upon the Summit of the Mountain; and clapping his Wings, cried with a terrible Voice, *Let me alone; you ſhall have good Sport: Get off the Mountain as faſt as you can, march boldly towards the Enemy, and fear nothing.* He was obeyed, and then the Sparrow lifted up the Mountain as eaſily as if it had been a Whiſp of Straw; and traverſing the Air, he let it fall directly upon the Army of the Enemy, of which, without Doubt, he cruſhed great Numbers; the reſt fled and left a free Paſſage to *Minutie*. The Prince, being very impatient to ſee the Queen ſecured, would willingly have puſhed on; but as the ſlow March of an Army would very much retard

retard him, he wiſhed that they were all in the Nut again. He had no ſooner formed this wiſh, but they all marched into the Wallnut in very good Order; and putting it in his Pocket, he made the beſt of his Way towards his little Kingdom: Where he ſoon arrived, and was received by the *Ant* with all imaginable Marks of Friendſhip.

When *Floridor* had taken all proper Care of the Princeſs, and given all neceſſary Orders that ſhe might want for nothing in his Palace, and the Friendſhip of the *Ant* had aſſured him of her Attention to her, he began to think of departing. During their Journey, and the little time he had paſſed with her in his Palace, he had many Opportunities of making her an open Declaration of his Love, which ſhe had the Godneſs to ſuffer him to do, and not unſucceſsfully. At length he bid her Adieu, and departed with a Letter from *Minutie*, addreſſed to all her good and faithful Subjects, commanding them to obey the Orders of King *Floridor*. The good *Ant* neither gave him the Nut nor the Knife, which had been returned to her upon his

Arrival; but the Queen made him take with him the Sparrow, which he had given her, deſiring him always to carry it about him, as well as a Scarf which ſhe had made herſelf of the Skins of Pears. The King took exactly the ſame Road back, not only becauſe Lovers are fond of tracing the Footſteps of their Miſtreſſes, but alſo becauſe it was the ſhorteſt Way. When he was near the Mountain which had been tranſported, the Sparrow mounting into the Air, again perch'd upon the Top of it; and taking it up with as much Eaſe, as he had done the Day before, he ſet it down in the Place from whence he had taken it; then, with a terrible Voice, he ſaid to all thoſe who had been ſhut up in the Mountain; *Be faithful to* Minutie, *and do whatever King* Floridor *commands you in her Name:* And then this ſingular Sparrow diſappear'd. The Mountain was hollow, and all thoſe who had been ſurprized, were as if they had been under a great Bell, and they wanted for nothing during their Confinement; all the Soldiers and Officers rejoiced once more to ſee the Day, and ſtruck with what they had heard, ran in Crouds to

*Floridor,*

*Floridor*, whoſe Figure was intereſting; and looking upon him as a Deity, they paid him Adoration. The King moved by their Submiſſion, and the new Oaths of Fidelity which they took to their lawful Queen; ſhewing them the Queen's Letter, received their Reſpect, tho' not their Adoration. He reviewed the whole Army, and he choſe out fifty thouſand of the beſt Troops. He eſtabliſhed in this new Army, an exact Diſcipline of which he was the Author and the Example, and with thoſe Troops which he render'd invincible, he defied all the Forces of an Uſurper, whom he at laſt ſlew with his own Hand. His Death reſtored to *Minutie*, a Kingdom which ſhe had abſolutely loſt. *Floridor* viſited all the Provinces of this great Empire, and every where eſtabliſhed the Authority of *Minutie*.

But what a change did he find, on his return, in the Mind and Character of this Queen? The Counſels of the good *Ant*, (what was more) Love, and a Deſire of making herſelf agreeable to *Floridor*, had corrected her Follies. She was aſhamed at having done ſo little with

the great Aſſiſtance ſhe had, at the ſame Time that her Lover performed ſuch great Things with much leſs. They married and were happy.

THE

# THE BEAUTIFUL HERMINE AND Prince COLIBRI.

## TALE XIV.

THERE was once upon a Time a King who had been very ill tutored, which ſurpriſed every Body, as bad Educations were not ſo common in thoſe Days as they are now. No Body ever dared contradict him; but his Subjects ridiculed him to ſome Purpoſe, as they always will thoſe who learn nothing; as for him, I do not believe he knew how to read. A Prince ſo very ignorant would not have long kept his Kingdom, if the

Fairies had not protected it. It is true, he made his Subjects as happy as he could, for as he loved Pleasure himself, he continually gave them Feasts; which in some Measure, consoled them for the Loss of Provinces, which, having an Aversion to War, he quietly gave up to his Neighbours. He had been married very young to a beautiful Princess, who thought proper to die very soon after, leaving him a beautiful Daughter, who is known in this History by the Name of *Hermine*.

She was scarce seven Years old, when every Body admired her Stature, her Air and her Beauty: whenever she passed thro' the great Hall of the Palace, they cried out, notwithstanding the Respect they owed her, *Oh! how beautiful she is!* but the Princess, far from growing insolent on this Account, was the more gentle and good humoured. The venerable *Anemone*, a Fairy of the first Rank, having heard of her, had a mind to form a Judgment of her herself: She assumed the Figure of a little old Woman, who walk'd with much Difficulty, supported upon a Staff, and she went to a great Well to wait for the Princess, who was

was to paſs that Way, coming from the Dairy: She had in her Hand a Pot of good Cream, which ſhe had brought for her Breakfaſt. The old Woman ſeemed as if ſhe wanted Water, but had not Strength to draw it. The Princeſs concerned for her, came up to her and ſaid, *I wiſh I could aſſiſt you, good Mother; may be we are ſtrong enough both together, to draw ſome Water. Alas! no, Madam,* anſwer'd the old Woman. *Stay a Moment then,* replied the Princeſs, *and I will ſend one to help you—but it is early, I ſhall find no Body up; I don't think it's more than Twelve o'Clock, and the Servants never riſe till Two. Alas, Madam,* continued the old Woman, *I am dying with drowth. Here then,* ſaid the beautiful *Hermine, drink this,* giving her the little Pot; *I believe it will do you more good, for it is the Skimmings of all the Pans in the King's Dairy.* The old Woman took it, ſaying, *Thoſe who can't bear to ſee another ſuffer, deſerve to be happy.* Then reaſſuming her natural Form, ſhe ſaid, " Henceforth, beautiful *Hermine,* I will " take care of you: But as you are ſur- " rounded by Fairies, who don't love " me, you muſt deſire the King to let " you have the firſt pretty little Country

" Girl you meet with. Give yourſelf no " farther Trouble, take your Cream, " and don't ſpeak a Word of this to any " one." The Fairy then diſappeared, leaving the Princeſs much aſtoniſhed.

In the King's magnificent Palace, there was a Profuſion of every Thing, even more than Voluptuouſneſs could deſire. For Effeminacy and Delicacy anticipate the Deſires, but Voluptuouſneſs is founded upon them. One can't know Repoſe without feeling the Want of it; and theſe People were come to ſuch a pitch of Supineneſs, that they even looked upon a lively Converſation as a bodily Fatigue. Every Seaſon in the Year was equally obnoxious to them, and a thouſand Slaves were employed without ceaſing, in remedying thoſe Inconveniencies. The ſame Delicacy reign'd at their Repaſts; Hunger was always prevented. Amongſt the ſeveral Feaſts which they continually held, that of *Indolence* was the moſt conſiderable; nothing was neglected that could render it ſolemn; the People found it much eaſier to adore a Weakneſs, than to break themſelves of it: And even the very Prieſts were of that

that Opinion. It was upon the Day of the Celebration of this Feaſt, that *Anemone* made Acquaintance with *Hermine*. In the Evening (for they knew no Morning) the People flock'd in Crouds to a Temple dedicated to all the Gods, or rather all the Paſſions and Propenſities; they were carried upon Beds, many of them lying between the Sheets. They made no Sacrifices nor burnt Incenſe for fear of giving the Company the Vapours, a Diſtemper very common in this Country. The beautiful *Hermine*, on her little Bed, following the great Bed of the Monarch her Father, perceived a Country Girl looking attentively at the Show. She made a Sign for her Equipage to ſtop: (For in this Place they gave Orders always by Signs.) The Bed of the Princeſs ſtopp'd, and conſidering the Maid with much Attention, her modeſt and ſenſible Looks perſuaded her, that ſhe was the Object of her Search. She aſk'd her Name, and ſhe told her it was *Birette*. She would have had her get upon the Bed, but the little Girl aſſured her that ſhe would walk a great deal farther than they had to go, to receive her Orders. Indeed, they were then not far from the Temple, and beſides,

ſides, they march'd very ſlow for fear of fatiguing thoſe who were on the Beds. *Birette* followed the Princeſs, and appearing at the Ceremony on an Eminence, was remarked by every Body. The King himſelf took notice of her, and ſent to enquire who ſhe was; the Princeſs ſent him Word, that ſhe had found her on the Way, that ſhe pleaſed her, and that ſhe begg'd he would permit her to retain her about her Perſon. The Prince conſented, and ſaid, *Since ſhe is a Favourite of the Princeſs's, let her be happy; let her be at her Eaſe.* Some of the King's Porters were diſpatch'd upon the Spot, into the Veſtry for a Bed, which was immediately brought to *Birette*, but ſhe refuſed it; for which ſhe was much blamed: Some excuſed her, but others ſaid, *See what it is, theſe Country People make a Scruple of lying down in the Temple. But how ſhould ſhe know the Rules of our Religion? The poor Girl, I'll warrant you, has never ſlept but in the Night Time.* The Service conſiſted of a ſoft Muſick to Words recommending Repoſe: Adding that the Dead ſhall enjoy it according to their Share of it in this World; and not to fatigue the Mind with diſagreeable Ideas, there was not the leaſt Mention made

made of Labour or Trouble. After the Ceremony, every one was carried home, penetrated with the Melody of this Hymn; The common People, who lamented that they could not afford ſuch a Conveniency, found Beds in the Temple, upon which they aſſiſted at Prayers, the eaſieſt Attitude being in that Country the moſt devote. The King called *Birette* to him on his Return, and was very well ſatisfied with her tho' ſhe ſaid many cutting Things to him. This amiable Girl employed the plaineſt and moſt ſimple Turns of Expreſſion in order to lead the beautiful *Hermine* to Reflection; to make her perceive, in the Midſt of ſo many ſeducing Objects, the Errors into which ſhe was plunged. She made her remark all the Ridiculouſneſs in her Court and Government; and pretending to find every Thing quite new and ſurprizing, ſhe had a good Pretext (making it paſs for Ignorance) to criticize every thing ſhe ſaw. Upon a Suppoſition that her Father had been a great Traveller, in recounting what ſhe had heard him ſay, ſhe quoted many Inſtances of Virtue, Valour, and Generoſity. Such Diſcourſes ſeemed to all the Courtiers, ignorant and ridiculous. One Day

*Birette* happening to mention the Word *War*, and having properly explained it, one of the Courtiers, who had a little more Underſtanding than the reſt, thus ſpoke to the King. " There is nothing " (ſaid he) more oppoſite to human Na- " ture or Reaſon. Valour is nothing " but a Brutality contrary to that In- " ſtinct which teaches us to preſerve our " Species. It is in vain to give it the " Name of Virtue, for the very Men " who admit it and revere it, are obliged " to confeſs that it ought to be accom- " panied by Generoſity: for Example, " you muſt pardon your Enemy, " and you muſt take no Advantages: " Now is it not more natural to have " no Enemy at all, without any " Notion of deſtroying one another? " But why ſhould not we begin with " Generoſity, without making uſe of " Valour? This is what we do in the " Dominions of our great Monarch. " The Cannons, for Example, and the " pernicious Uſe of Powder, invented " for deſtruction, only ſerve for our " Amuſement and Satisfaction; we " make Fire-Works of it to embelliſh " our nightly Feaſt; and our Cannons " are never charged but with a Compo-

" ſition

" ſition of Ambergreeſe and Cinnamon,
" which we let off ſeveral times a Day
" to perfume the Air which we breathe."
They made many ſuch Speeches to the King, which were freſh Matter for the Criticiſms of *Birette*. She could eaſily have anſwered them, but ſhe was wholly taken up with *Hermine*; and contented with the Clearneſs of her Underſtanding, ſhe took great Pains to ſow in it the Principles of all Heroick Virtues. When ſhe found her ſufficiently perſuaded, ſhe thought it was Time to let her ſee the Practice of thoſe Virtues of which ſhe had made ſuch boaſt; at leaſt, ſhe thought it very proper to remove her from the Objects with which ſhe was ſurrounded: She was in Hopes at the ſame Time to prevent the Dangers of Love by ſo good a Choice, that it might be laſting. She was deſirous that it ſhould fall on a little Prince whoſe Family ſhe protected, called *Colibri*; whoſe good Qualities rendered him worthy of ſo accompliſhed a Princeſs: but Love was a neceſſary Ingredient, for no Power of Fairery can either give it Birth or deſtroy it. *Birette* brought *Hermine* to conſent to leave her Father's Court; and mounting her in her Chariot, ſhe conducted

ducted her to the *Palatines*, a People like to those whom the Injustice of this Age calls Savages, tho' Purity of Manners, Innocence, and Valour are conspicuous amongst them. Property was not known in this Country, at least it ceased to be so upon the sole Idea of another Person's wanting it. The Princess was surprized on her Arrival, to see a prodigious Number of Men almost naked, armed with Bows and Arrows, whose principal Merit consisted in Strength and Activity, and whose Study was to keep them in Exercise. *Anemone* had long protected them, and as she preferred and respected the Sentiments of pure Nature, she had trusted the Education of Prince *Colibri* to these People, happy in the Temperature of their Climate, and more so in their Dispositions. Having given the Princess a Capacity of speaking and understanding their Language, she was surprized to hear a plain and nervous Conversation, whose Style was free from those affected Phrases so much in Use in her own Country. The young Prince (who thought himself a *Palatine*) was held in so much Consideration for his Virtue and Address, that the People fixed upon him to make a Compliment

to

to the beautiful Friend of *Anemone*; and this was his Speech: "Your Eyes are "bright as the Stars that ſhine in the "Firmament; without Doubt your Vir- "tue is as conſpicuous; we entreat you "to remain with us in order to give us "a freſh Example of Goodneſs, and to "charm us by the Gentleneſs of your "Diſpoſition, as you have prepoſſeſſed us "by the Sweetneſs of your Countenance." The Princeſs was pleaſed with this ſimple Compliment, but anſwered, "That "ſhe was come herſelf to be inſtructed "by ſo wiſe a People." *Anemone* had a Houſe like to that which every Particular inhabited. They were all low and neat, and had each a Garden bordered by a Rivulet: Luxury could not be introduced in a Country where Property and the melancholy Ideas of *mine* and *thine* were entirely baniſhed. Altho' the Chace made great Part of the Riches of the *Palatines*, yet it was common to all, as well as the Culture of the Lands; and Labour, ſo diſagreeable an Article in other Countries, in this was an Amuſement: They performed it with a Song. The Women minded domeſtick Affairs, but theſe Occupations did not prevent their converſing together, to paſs away

their

their Time in the Abſence of their Huſbands, whoſe Return in the Evening always paid them for the Buſineſs of the Day. The Children were brought up in common together; the Women who had but little Underſtanding were choſen for Nurſes; but thoſe who had moſt Merit and Brightneſs, were charged at the Age of Fifty with the Education of the Girls, until they were marriageable; then their own Choice fixed them. Bodily Exerciſes were performed in publick, and made an agreeable Spectacle. The Study of the *Palatines* conſiſted only in the Inſpection into Nature; *Anemone* had (as we may ſay) opened the Books to them, they learnt with Facility, and great Reſpect was paid to any one who made the ſmalleſt Diſcovery. Their Religion was plain and ſimple, not disfigured by Superſtition. The Movements of the beautiful *Hermine* appeared too natural in the Court of the King her Father; but here ſhe had a Stiffneſs in her Behaviour which ſhe bluſhed at herſelf; it was then ſhe felt the Truth of the Words of *Anemone*, and the Juſtneſs of the Remarks which ſhe had made in the Court of the King her Father. Struck with ſo many Examples, ſhe gave herſelf up without

Reſerve to the ordinary Studies of that Country; particularly to the Practice of a Religion, of which Society was the Temple, and every Individual, the Sacrificer.

*Colibri* loſt no Opportunity of ſeeing and admiring her: And ſtrove to diſtinguiſh himſelf amongſt the many Virtuous. Happy Country, where Virtue is regarded! There was no making a Declaration of Love, but by a Continuation of an agreeable Conduct until the Day of Marriage; which was always the firſt of the Spring. When many were enamoured of one Perſon ſhe was to chooſe; and Men and Women were equally ſubject to this Law. It is true, however, that far from glorying in a Plurality of Admirers, as in other Countries, they ſought but one; an Imputation of Coquettry being to them inſupportable. The Rivals never ſought to merit the preference but by their Virtue, and had no other Way of expreſſing their Reſentment, but by rendering themſelves the more amiable in Society, by that Means letting the World ſee the Injuſtice done them by not making Choice of them: And they were not deſtitute of Hope,

Hope, for a Marriage was immediately broken as ſoon as ill Humour ſhewed itſelf: Divorces were, however, not frequent among them. You may judge of the Conduct of this People in other Reſpects, when Equity ruled the moſt lively of their Paſſions. *Colibri*, on the Day of the Feaſts of *Marriages*, appeared one of the firſt upon the Sod on which the Ceremony was to be performed. The Girls took up one Side of a Square oppoſite to the young Men, and the old People of both Sexes (who decided all Differences) fronting thoſe who were married, took up the other two. The Girls, before they took their Places, produced ſome of the beſt Pieces of Work which they had performed, carrying with them the moſt remarkable; and they were adorned with Feathers and Flowers of a moſt agreeable Variety. The young Men came next, with their Arms alſo adorned with Flowers and Feathers; and to make conſpicuous their Activity, they ran and exerciſed one againſt the other. The Girls, to ſignify the Choice they had made, preſented their Works to the young Men, and received their Arms, which produced an agreeable Change of the Scene:

Scene: Thoſe who were not accepted of, and the Men who had not been choſen, returned to their Places to wait for the Deciſion of the old People, who commonly exhorted them to ſtrive to pleaſe, and to correct thoſe Faults which had hitherto prevented their Succeſs. This Exhortation was not made till after a grand Ballet, danced with infinite Grace by the happy Lovers. Their Songs were plain and unaffected, and every Step and Action tended to the Object beloved. *Colibri* ſaw with Aſtoniſhment, that the beautiful *Hermine* was not at the Head of the other Ladies; ſhe was ſeated along with *Anemone* in a diſtinguiſhed Place amongſt the old People. She did not reliſh a Marriage ſuch as this which they were going to celebrate, and the Divorce which was allowable in this Country much diſpleaſed her. On the contrary, *Colibri*, who knew no other Cuſtoms but thoſe of the *Palatines*, looked upon this Procedure as an Impiety, concluding that all his Projects of exerting his Force and Addreſs were uſeleſs, and his Hopes of approaching Happineſs, with which he had flattered himſelf, at once overthrown. The View of this Company, and of the Felicity of

ſo

ſo many Lovers, became inſupportable: He therefore pretended Indiſpoſition, and retired. He wandered thro' the Town. The Solitude which there reigned, ſuited the melancholy Situation of his Heart; but every thing there bringing to his Mind the beautiful *Hermine*, and not conceiving any Hopes, he left thoſe Places which reminded him of what he had loſt, and took a By-road leading to the Mountains: He travelled thus, until he came at laſt to the Borders of the *Cold River*. The Name of this River gave him Hopes of finding there a Liberty which he regretted without ceaſing. The Country watered by this River is very populous, and the Government Republican. Avarice there reigned; which gave the Inhabitants a pale Complexion, their Hearts being continually agitated, and their Minds conſtrained. They married their Children from their Cradles, leſt Love ſhould turn them a Moment from their lucrative Applications. Delicacy, and all the Pleaſures of the Heart, were unknown to them. Such Objects as theſe were far from comforting *Colibri*; he ſtill regretted the beautiful *Hermine*, but the more he ſuffered in a Place ſo contrary

to

to his Sentiments, the more he reſolved there to fix his Abode; for there are unpleaſant Situations which we love to prolong. *Anemone*, on the other hand, attentive to the Thoughts and Actions of the Prince, was much diſturbed; but perſiſting in her Project, ſhe propoſed it to the beautiful *Hermine* to quit the *Palatines*. After exhorting theſe good People to obſerve their old Laws and Cuſtoms, and aſſuring them of her Friendſhip, ſhe departed with the Princeſs in her Chariot. They traverſed the Air with extreme Rapidity, and in a very little Time found themſelves upon the Banks of the *Cold River*; but before they entered the Capital, ſhe took the Figure of a Merchant, and gave to the Princeſs that of a young Man who paſſed for her Son. They ſoon met with *Colibri*. In his melancholy Situation he was not inſenſible to the Pleaſure of being accoſted by a Man who ſpoke his Language, and *Hermine* was charmed at finding a Man whom ſhe eſteemed in a Country which ſhe knew but little of, and had begun already to diſpleaſe her; but the Fairy charged her not to make herſelf known. *Anemone* knew very well

that

that thoſe Impreſſions which touch the Underſtanding can be no Obſtacle to the Affairs of Love; which were ſtill forwarded by the Sadneſs of the Prince; *Hermine* would know the Cauſe, and her Curioſity was preſently ſatisfied. Love was painted with Vivacity; his Departure, his Ardour, the Exile to which he was condemned, every thing was recounted with that Eloquence which Love inſpires. The Underſtanding of *Hermine* was touched; ſhe could not ſuſpect what ſhe heard, and Pity and Tenderneſs (by which Love is always preceded) were formed in her Breaſt. *Anemone* ſoon grew tired of this Country, where, in the Character of a Merchant, ſhe had an Opportunity of obſerving more narrowly the pernicious Effects the Love of Riches had on a human Mind, and the Vices it was productive of: She therefore thought proper to depart. She acquainted *Colibri* and *Hermine* with her Reſolution, and they mounted her Chariot. Come, ſaid ſhe, we will return to a Place where we will find Objects more worthy of us. *Colibri* was greatly comforted by the Declaration he had made, and the Hopes of once more ſeeing his Princeſs;

when reaſſuming her natural Figure, ſhe on a ſudden appeared to his Eyes with as much Eclat as the Sun in Autumn, when he has juſt broke through a thick Cloud. The beautiful *Hermine* * * * *

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